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BORN TO BE POISONED.

THE lot of the ordinary Dalai Lama, the Priest-Emperor of Tibet, is not a happy one.

Born to the purple, he is also born to be poisoned—that is to say, as a general rule. For, until the present one seized the reins of power at the age of eighteen, no Dalai Lama of recent times had ever really ruled.

One after another they were invariably poisoned at some period between their fourteenth and eighteenth year. This was done at the instigation of the priests, who arrogated to themselves the right to govern Tibet.

So long as the boy remained a boy, he was allowed to live. Directly he showed signs of becoming a man, and of wanting to exercise a man's authority, he was condemned to die.

The Dalai Lama, who has recently fled across the border into India, and thrown himself, for the time being at all events, upon British hospitality, escaped this fate by pretending to be far more stupid than he really was. By this ruse he lulled into a false security his bodyguard of murderers.

Then, one day, he had them all arrested, to the number of about thirty, and carried off to the terrible "Monastery of the Cells of Silence," near Gyantse. Here, in underground dungeons, they were separately immured, without light, food, or fuel, and left to perish.

"WHAT do you think of the two candidates?" asked one elector of another during the late Election.

"What do I think of them?" was the reply. "Well, when I look at them, I'm thankful only one of them can get in."

"LOVE your neighbour as yourself," said the minister, with great earnestness.

"Thomas," whispered the lady to her husband, who lived next door to a pretty young widow, "come away; this is no place for you."

"I DON'T know why I should feel under any obligation to you. You never threw anything my way," said the doctor.

"Oh, yes, I did!" replied the other man. "I struck a man with my motor-car in front of your house the other day!"

RACES ROWED ON ORANGES.

DIETETIC fads figure largely in most rowing contests. The Cambridge crew this year coquetted with sponge-cakes in the early days of their training.

Two years ago it was oranges, the reason given being that that fruit was supposed to be a specific against the influenza, then very prevalent. Two years previous to that again, a diet of eggs was insisted upon.

On both the above occasions Cambridge won the race. This was probably merely a coincidence, but it, at any rate, brought much profit to the fruit dealers and egg-merchants, who not unnaturally made the most of it in order to push their wares.

In the early days of the race, from 1829 up till about 1860, the training diet of both the crews was modelled upon that in vogue amongst the champion prize-fighters who were then the popular idols amongst all classes of the community. Huge beef-steaks, eaten almost raw, port wine, egg-flip, and enormous quantities of lean, under-done mutton, were consumed day by day.

Then a reaction set in, culminating in 1869, when occurred the memorable contest between Oxford and Harvard. The Americans trained for the race on soft-boiled eggs, fish, "flannel" cakes, maple-sugar, and oatmeal "mush," washed down with copious draughts of fresh cream.

The Harvard men lost, but they showed such good form, that Oxford, and eventually Cambridge also, tacitly agreed to copy the variety, though not the actual ingredients, of their training menu.

"Boys will be boys."
"How about girls?"
"Oh, they have to be whatever fashion dictates!"

"I WISH I owned an aeroplane instead of a motor-car."

"Why?"
"I could then look at my neighbours without feeling that every one of them was wishing that I would take him for a ride."

WILLIE, aged five, had delivered a message from his mother to a lady, but did not seem in a hurry to go. Being asked if there were anything else his mother had bidden him say, he replied:

"No, ma'am; only she said I wasn't to ask you for any cake, but if you gave me any I was to take it and thank you."
He got the cake.

"Who's the woman who calls every day to use our telephone?"
"The one who complained because our children take a short cut through her garden on their way to school."

"MEN and women can't be judged by the same standards. For instance, a man is known by the company he keeps," said a sharp-tongued young woman.
"And a woman by the servants she can't keep!" was the retort.

"WELL," said he, anxious to patch up their quarrel of yesterday, "aren't you curious to know what's in this parcel?"
"Not very," replied the still belligerent wife indifferently.

"Well, it's something for the one I love best in the world."
"Ah! (icily) I suppose it's that smoker's companion you said you wanted."

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.



The Jolly Good Fellow: "I say, old chappie, who's that homely-looking girl you just spoke to?"
Old Chappie: "Sir, that lady has promised to be my wife."
The Jolly Good Fellow: "Oh, cheer up, old man. Lots of women don't keep their promises, you know."

"BESIDES being an actor, he is an excellent artist."
"Then it should be easy for him to draw a full house."

"CHOLLY has brain fever."
"How did he get it?"
"He met a girl who kept saying, 'Just think!' And Cholly tried to."

"WHY did Dollarby sell his hotel?"
"He wasn't making money fast enough."
"What is he doing now?"
"He's luxuriating in the position of head waiter."

"I KNOW what's passing in your mind," suddenly said the maiden as the habitually silent caller stared at her. "I know, too, why you are calling here night after night, appropriating my time to yourself and keeping other nice young men away. You want me to marry you, don't you?"
"I—I do!" gasped the young man.
"I thought so. Very well, I will!"

"I RAN across an old acquaintance the other day."
"Casually, or in your motor?"

"IN a small town where the audience calls for the author of the piece to come before the curtain, he always feels better if the curtain has a lot of local advertisements on it," said the manager.
"Why so?" asked his friend.
"Why, the people in the audience are not going to throw eggs and take a chance of spoiling their own advertisements, are they?"

"ISN'T Jebbs a believer in the faith cure?"
"He is."
"Is it true that he didn't have a doctor for his wife, the other day, when she was ill?"
"It is quite true."
"Well, I saw a doctor go into his house just now."
"Oh, that's all right! He's ill now himself."

A RAILWAY ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

THE most wonderful railway in the world will be completed, if all goes well, in the course of the next week or two.

It is the first line to be carried across the continent of South America, and it has taken over thirty years to build. But its chief interest lies in the immense elevation it reaches in crossing the Andes. Here the passenger will be literally and actually travelling above the clouds. At one point it soars to a height of 12,800 feet, more than 4,000 feet higher than the world-famous Great St. Bernard Pass.

The Atlantic terminus is at Buenos Ayres, in Argentina, the Pacific at Valparaiso, in Chili, both tropical towns; yet the line runs for hundreds of miles through a region of eternal snow and ice.

Avalanches sweep the track at intervals at these immense altitudes. So, in order to protect the trains, sloping wooden sheds, enormously strong, have been built at these points. Under them engine and carriages will be able to travel in safety, even while the snow-slides are actually thundering overhead.

Amongst the other wonders of this most wonderful line are a spiral tunnel, absolutely unique of its kind, that cost over a million pounds to bore, and a string of 118 bridges, linked together by short stretches of solid permanent way over a distance of thirty miles.

At one point, too, the track is carried over a deep and wide ravine on a huge arch of living rock, which constitutes a natural bridge.

"WHAT's your trade, mate?"
"Don't call me 'mate!' As to your question, I am a gentleman."
"Oh, I see—on your holiday now, eh?"

"If you want to marry me you should see my father."
"I've seen him several times, but I want to marry you just the same."

"GRANDPA, make a noise like a frog," coaxed little Tommy.
"What for, my son?"
"Why, papa says, that when you croak we'll get a thousand pounds!"

WANT TO BE A "BART."?

If any reader of P.W. thinks that he is entitled to call himself a baronet, now is the time for him to assert his claim.

For an official roll of the baronetcy of the United Kingdom is being got ready, and when it is completed, which it will be shortly, no one whose name isn't there will be permitted to use the title.

Hitherto there has been more confusion in relation to baronets than has existed in connection with any other title. All sorts of people have taken the title to themselves, often on the slenderest evidence, or sometimes even on none at all, and nobody could say them nay.

The reason was that there has been up till now no authentic list of baronets in existence. James I. sold the dignity haphazard to practically anybody who was prepared to pay the price, £1,080, and there were also a number of so-called baronets of Nova Scotia created by Charles I.

In the course of nearly three hundred years the descendants of these have become inextricably mixed, so that even the trained officials at the Herald's College have found it well-nigh impossible, in many cases, to adjudicate between the rival claims.

Now, however, all this is going to be altered. A Registrar of the Baronetage is shortly to be appointed, and he will be assisted by the expert advice of the Lord Advocate for Scotland, and the Attorney-Generals for England and Ireland respectively.

The World's Best Stories

Told Week by Week.

His First Case.

SIR GEORGE LEWIS, the famous solicitor, who recently gave evidence before the Divorce Commission, was only nineteen years of age when he undertook his first case. His father was away, and one morning a hansom rolled up to the door, and a great, strong woman leapt out and rushed into the house. Her son, she said, had been hauled to Westminster Police Court on a charge of stealing money from his place of business.

Describing the incident, Sir George says: "I sped away with her in the cab, and fought the case, and won it, though I did not know whether I was standing on my head or my heels all the time."

When he got outside, the woman was waiting for him, and, giving him a tremendous whack on the back that almost knocked him down, she shouted in his ear: "Well done, young 'un. I shouldn't 'ave thought you could 'ave done it."

Locked Him In.

ALTHOUGH Sir George never speaks about the many Society secrets which are locked up in his mind he is a clever raconteur. He tells a good story about a legal friend who owes to an office-boy his rise to fame and fortune.

When this friend was a briefless barrister he went one afternoon to read in the Inner Temple Library. He had not been there long before his small office-boy appeared, perspiring and excited.

"If you please, sir," the lad gasped, "a gentleman is waiting for you at the chambers with a brief. He can't get out, sir. I've locked him in."

Together the barrister and the youngster hurried back to the chambers; and the gentleman with the brief, who was very much amused at his capture, afterwards became a most valuable client.

One Only.

SIR GEORGE REID, First High Commissioner representing the Commonwealth of Australia, who recently arrived in London, is one of Australia's wittiest speakers. He always has a smart answer ready for anyone who has the temerity to interrupt him whilst he is speaking.

"You are double-faced," once shouted one of his opponents at a public meeting.

"Sir," instantly came the answer, "you are not; for if you were, you would assuredly have left your present face at home and brought the other."

No Escape.

A FRENCH general's wife, whose tongue-lashing ability was far-famed, demanded that an old servant, who had served with her husband in the wars, be dismissed.

"Jacques," said the general, "go to your room and pack your trunk and leave—depart."

The old Frenchman clasped his hands to his heart with dramatic joy. "Me—I can go!" he exclaimed, in a very ecstasy of gratitude.

Then suddenly his manner changed, as with utmost compassion he added:

"But you—my poor general, you must stay!"

The Cannon's Roar.

THIS good story is told of ex-President Roosevelt. He was once inveigled into visiting the chief school of a town where he was announced to make a speech.

In one of the lower grades an ambitious teacher called upon a youthful Demosthenes to entertain the distinguished visitor with an exhibition of amateur oratory. The selection attempted was Byron's "Battle of Waterloo," and just as the boy reached the end of the first paragraph Mr. Roosevelt suddenly gave vent to a violent sneeze.

"But hush! hark!" declaimed the youngster—"a deep sound strikes like a rising knell! Did ye not hear it?"

The visitor smiled, and a moment later the second sneeze—which Mr. Roosevelt was vainly trying to hold back—came with increased violence.

"But hark!" bawled the boy, "that heavy sound breaks in once more, and nearer, clearer, deadlier, than before. Arm! arm! it is the cannon's opening roar!"

This was too much, and the laugh that broke from the party swelled louder still when Mr. Roosevelt chuckled: "Put up your weapons, children; I won't shoot any more."

Why the Waxworks were Badly Dressed.

A WELL-KNOWN French painter, member of the Institute of France, whose portrait model is exhibited in a certain famous Parisian waxwork show, recently had the curiosity to see how far the "model" resembled "nature." He was also curious to see how many visitors would recognise him.

He intended to sit down beside his effigy and watch the crowd. But when he caught sight of his "counterfeit-

presentment" his courage failed him. His double was dressed in a disgraceful old suit of "reach-me-downs," although he had given some of his best clothes for the purpose of dressing it.

The astonished painter began to gaze contemplatively at the other "portrait-models" of famous men. They were all clothed in the same beggarly way.

A certain famous French surgeon was wearing an old overcoat that a labourer would have scorned, a great actor looked like a hungry "out-of-work," and a former Cabinet Minister was wearing an old pair of check trousers that would have been dear at a couple of shillings.

Inquiries were made, and it was found that some of the attendants were in the habit of appropriating the models' new clothes, and replacing them by others obtained at the old-clothes dealers.

But a number of provincial visitors will always be under the impression that Parisians dress badly.

A Definition.

MARSHALL HALL, K.C., who has been even more than usually before the public eye just lately, once endeavoured to make a witness give an illustration of absent-mindedness.

"Well," said the witness cautiously, "I should say that a man who thought he'd left his watch at home, and took it out of his pocket to see if he had time to go home to get it—I should say that that chap was a little absent-minded."

As In England.

LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON, the terror of the Bar of his day, once had a passage of words with John Clerk, the celebrated Scottish advocate, who was pleading before him, and had pronounced several times the word "enow" for "enough."

The Chancellor drily remarked: "Mr. Clerk, in England we sound the 'ough' as 'uff'—'enuff,' not 'enow.'"

"Verra weel, ma lord," continued the self-possessed pleader, "of this we have said enuff; and I come, ma lord, to the sub-division of the land in dispute. It was apportioned, ma lord, into what in England would be called pluffland; a pluffland being as much land as a pluffman can pluff in one day and pluffmen—"

But his lordship could not withstand the ready repartee, and burst into a laugh that shook the Woodsack, saying: "Pray proceed, Mr. Clerk; we know 'enow' of Scotch to understand your argument."

In Proportion.

IN New York there is a children's hospital which the Countess Szechenyi, when Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, visited regularly, taking fruit and flowers to the little patients, and in a certain ward a boy was pointed out to her one day as a bad customer.

"Oh, he is incorrigible," sighed the nurse.

Miss Vanderbilt talked a while with the little chap, and when she arose to go, she said:

"See here, I have heard bad reports about you. Now, I want you to promise to be good. If you are good for a whole week I'll give you a dollar when I come again next Thursday."

The boy promised to try to be good. This promise, though, he did not keep. On her next visit Miss Vanderbilt, going to his cot, said:

"I shall not ask the nurses how you have behaved this last week. I want you to tell me yourself. Now, what do you think—do you deserve that dollar I promised you or not?"

The boy regarded Miss Vanderbilt with a troubled frown. Then he said in a low voice:

"Gimme a couple o' cents."

The Kaiser and the Organist.

THERE is a neat Kaiser story going the rounds in Berlin. A few days before the Emperor's birthday Walter Fischer, the well-known organist of the Gedachtnis-Kirche in Charlottenburg, received a telephonic message from the Palace informing him that the Kaiser would bring the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania to inspect the great organ, which was a present from the Kaiser to the church.

"They are superb, these old melodies," said the Kaiser, after some pieces, "especially when they are so interpreted. Will you play something of Handel, Professor?"

Fischer obliged, and the little "congregation" then made ready to leave the church.

"I am most grateful to you, Professor," said the Kaiser, "for this most delightful treat."

"And, if your Majesty will permit, I should like also to thank you for the dignity bestowed on me," replied the organist.

"Dignity!" asked the Kaiser, "What dignity?"

"Why," said the organist, "your Majesty has consistently called me 'Professor.' I—er—wasn't a Professor when I came up to the church."

"Ha! that's good," laughed the Kaiser. "I really am forgetful. So you are not a professor yet? Well, I suppose we can adjust that difficulty. What I have said I have said. Good morning, Herr Professor!"

The Kaiser walked out of the organ-loft, and a few hours later Fischer duly received his patent as Professor of Music!

The Odd Corner

The Editor will give one of the famous P.W. penknives to any reader who sends him a paragraph accepted for this column. If there is more than one sender of a paragraph used, the penknife will be awarded to the reader whose contribution was received first.

THE INEVITABLE END.

ALTHOUGH he covets it from birth,
And covets it through life's brief span,
Man never, never gets the earth,
It is the earth that gets the man.

EASY WHEN YOU KNOW.

CAN you write the figures one thousand in a ring like this without taking your pencil off the paper? If you can't manage it look below for the solution.



WHICH WEIGHS HEAVIER?

GENTLE reader, which weighs heavier: A pound of feathers or a pound of gold? You know? You've been caught that way before! Sure? Then look below.

OVER YOUR HEAD.

You can put a piece of paper no bigger than six inches square over your head by making a few simple cuts in it—the paper not your head. The way to do it is shown below.

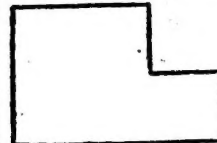
PROOF.

A CRICKET bat is a cow, and this is how one derives the information:

A cricket bat	is willow.
Will owe	is pay not.
Pain hot	is warm ache.
War make	is peace end.
Pea send	is missile.
Miss ile	is land slip.
Land slip	is shore torn.
Shorthorn	is a cow.

TWO CUTS AND NO WASTE.

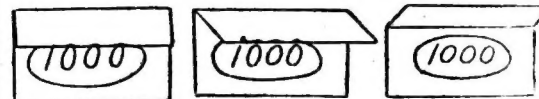
A HANDY hubby had to lay a piece of linoleum. The lino was shaped like this, and he had to fit it in a square room. He made two cuts in it, and it then fitted the room exactly, with no waste. Where did he make the two cuts? Solution below.



SOLUTIONS.

EASY WHEN YOU KNOW.

THIS is the way to write the figures one thousand in a circle without taking your pencil off the paper:



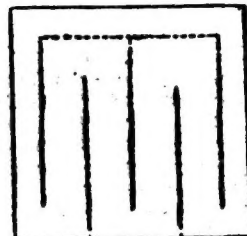
First fold a piece of paper as in first sketch, then write the thousand, the top of the figures coming on to the edge of the folded paper, then lift up folded piece as in second sketch, and continue the ring round as in third sketch.

WHICH WEIGHS HEAVIER?

GOLD is measured by troy weight, with only twelve ounces to the pound, therefore the feathers are heavier.

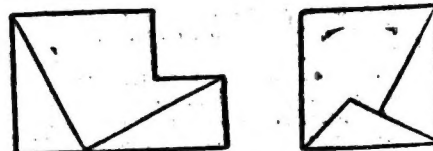
OVER YOUR HEAD.

THE dotted lines indicate where the cuts should be made. Just try this trick for yourself.



TWO CUTS AND NO WASTE.

THE handy hubby cut the linoleum like this, and it then fitted the room.





The World's stiffest Steeplechase

Telling All About the Jumps and Difficulties which Beset the Horses Competing in the Grand National. This Year's Event takes place on March 18th.

If you have never seen the Grand National Steeplechase, at Aintree, near Liverpool, you have missed one of the finest sporting sights in the world.

The Grand National is the world's greatest steeplechase, and it is a supreme test of horsemen and horses, demanding, as it does, from both rider and horse the highest qualities of courage, skill, and stamina.

Next year will be the Jubilee of the Grand National, for it was first run in 1861. No horse has ever won it three times, but three horses have won it twice. The record time for the race was made in 1893 by the famous Cloister, who won in 9 minutes 32½ seconds. Cloister's performance was the more remarkable in that he was carrying 12st. 7lb. on his back, a weight borne first past the post by only one other horse in the whole history of the race. This other champion weight-carrier was Manifesto, who won the Grand National twice.

Cloister's record reminds one that a Grand National winner must not only be a perfect jumper, but pretty speedy.

The course is, roughly, four and a half miles in length (4 miles 856 yards, to be exact), and, allowing even so much as ten minutes for the race, this means that the winner has to travel at the rate of about twenty-five miles an hour.

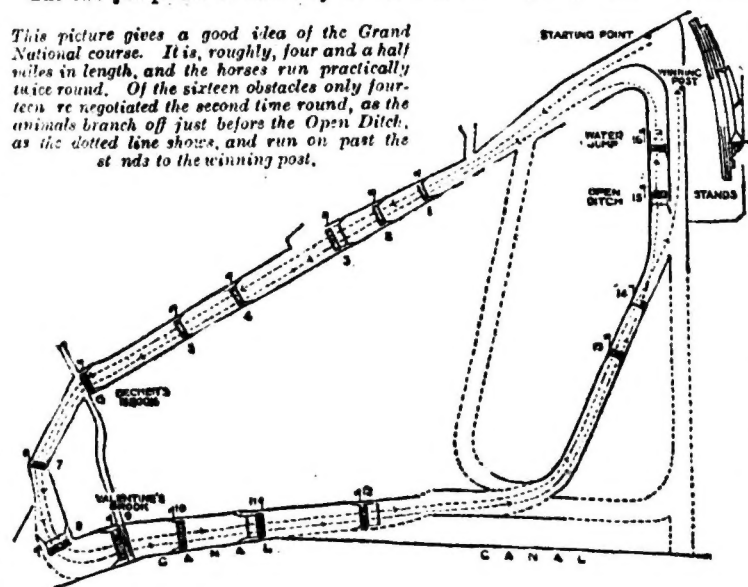
This is as fast as many trains, but perhaps you will get a better idea of the pace the Grand National horse has to go from the fact that a Derby winner does not, as a rule, go faster than about thirty-five miles an hour.

The Derby horse has a clear course, the Grand National competitor has not, and this brings us to the long list of obstacles that the Grand National horse has to clear.

Thirty times has the Grand National horse to jump in the course of his four and a half miles journey. Fourteen of these jumps, however, are taken twice, the horses twice covering the triangular-shaped course, as our sketch of the course shows.

The two jumps taken once only are the famous "Open

This picture gives a good idea of the Grand National course. It is, roughly, four and a half miles in length, and the horses run practically twice round. Of the sixteen obstacles only fourteen are negotiated the second time round, as the animals branch off just before the Open Ditch, as the dotted line shows, and run on past the stands to the winning post.

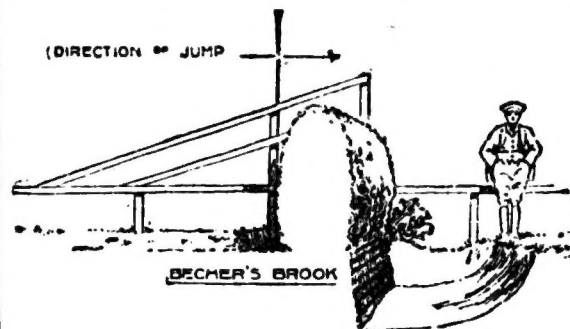


Ditch," and the equally famous "Water Jump," but before describing them a word as to the other and more ordinary obstacles.

One cannot describe them all, but the three principal ones are "Becher's Brook," the "Canal Turn," and "Valentine's Brook."

"Becher's Brook" is the sixth jump on the first time round. It consists of a thorn fence 5ft. 1in. high. The fence is packed or banked up with fir, so that at the top it is 2½ft. wide. On the further side of the fence is a ditch 6½ft. wide, and 3ft. 4in. deep. All the jumps, of course, have wings, that is, fencing running back and outwards from the corners of the jump. The object of the wings is to prevent horses from swerving away from the jump and off the course. Sometimes a horse will jump a wing, only to be brought back and put at the real obstacle again.

The dimensions of the "Canal Turn" fence are the same as those of the "Becher's Brook" fence, but, whereas at the latter the ditch was on the far side of the fence, here it is on the near side, that is, between the



fence and the oncoming horses. The ditch is 5ft. 9in. wide, while in front of it is a rail 2ft. high.

Immediately after the "Canal Turn" comes "Valentine's Brook." Here the horses have to clear a fence 4ft. 10in. high, and on the farther side of which runs the brook, a natural stream, 6½ft. at this point.

It is not always the difficult jumps that bring disaster, for often a horse will fall at a simple obstacle through sheer carelessness, or trying to gallop through it, but "Becher's Brook," the "Canal Turn," and "Valentine's Brook" have generally helped to thin the field before they approach the "Open Ditch."

The "Open Ditch" consists of a fence 5ft. 2in. high which is guarded in front by a ditch 6ft. wide, while in front of the ditch again is a rail 2ft. high.

Safely over the "Open Ditch" (though many a horse comes down here), the field rush on to the "Water Jump." Sixteen feet have the horses to clear, and by way of "encouraging" them, there is a fence 3ft. high just in front of the water.

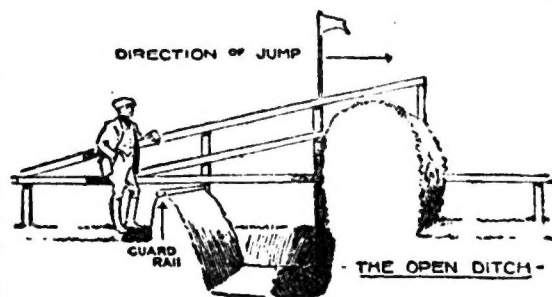
Both "Open Ditch" and "Water Jump" are opposite, or nearly opposite, the grand stand, and, as already explained, they are jumped once only, though many a jockey finds that once once too often.

The very last jump of all is an easy fence 4ft. 7in. high, but it often proves fatal to the select few—rarely more than twenty-five per cent. of the field finish—who survive to attempt it, for the horses are often dead-beat as they near the winning post.

Considering the severe nature of the race and jumps, really serious accidents are singularly rare in the Grand National, probably because a steeplechase jockey has a good many more than the nine lives of a cat, and

can take knocks and falls with equanimity that would kill any ordinary man.

The greatest terror of the steeplechase jockey's life is



being jumped on when he has come a cropper by some horse following on behind. A mere touch from a flying hoof may end his life. Horses, however, are remarkably clever in the way they avoid a fallen rider.

While on the ground the jockey, of course, is in danger of being kicked or rolled on by his own horse, but when a jockey feels himself going he generally contrives to throw himself well clear of his horse.

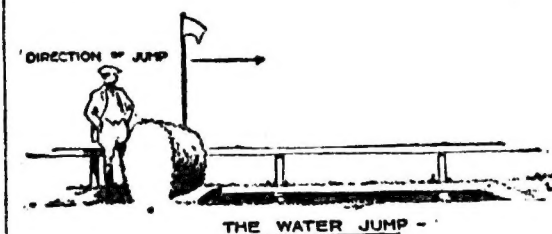
Why do Grand National horses fall? They are the pick of the jumping world, yet it is an achievement for a horse to go round the course at all, quite apart from winning. Well, they do not usually fall because a jump is too high or too wide for them. Sometimes the excitement of the occasion proves their downfall. The horse loses control of himself and his rider loses control of him, and he dashes blindly, madly at the jump, and "takes off" either too soon or too late.

Collisions are frequent and unavoidable. A horse will suddenly "balk" or refuse at a jump, stop dead, and then whip round. The other riders may have neither time nor room to pull to one side, and in an instant there is a confused mass of men and horses on the ground. Or a horse may swerve while in the act of jumping and go over sideways, cannoning into the nearest horse, and bringing him and himself down.

Sometimes the jockey is to blame. He checks his horse just as it jumps with the result that it jumps short or hits the top of the fence, or he fails to hold his horse up when it stumbles on landing, and over they both go head over heels.

Sometimes—not often—a girth will give way, round slips the saddle, and off goes the jockey.

A frequent cause of falls is the riderless horse, who, having "unshipped" his jockey, persists in continuing the race by himself. He does not bother his head about



the rules against crossing in front of other horses, but goes right across them or barges into them and brings them down, to the exasperation of their owners.

Luck certainly plays a big part in the Grand National, but no really bad horse ever won it, while the rider who can get round the course at all, even if he finishes last, may pride himself on being a strong, bold, and accomplished horseman.

The Grand National always provokes scenes of enthusiasm, but perhaps the most memorable of all was in 1900, when His Majesty the King won with Ambush II. Ireland, it may be added, is a great country for breeding and training Grand National winners.

TALES OF THE NEW PEERS.

Some Anecdotes about Mr. Herbert Gladstone and the Hon. Ivor Guest.

FROM the hour of his birth it was fated that one of the new peers would be a politician. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, who has just been made a Viscount in order to add to his glory as Governor-General of United South Africa, was born in the very heart of the political world—No. 12 Downing Street.

He has always been remarkable for his tact, and even when at Eton his "knack" of smoothing out tangles was recognised by his school-fellows.

The story goes that two youngsters—call them Jones and Brown—had a passion for apples, and near the famous school they discovered an orchard whose trees were simply heavy with fruit. They sampled them once or twice, to the great annoyance of the owner, who failed to catch them at the critical moment.

One fatal day, however, grown overbold by success, they ventured too far, and the irate farmer swooped down. In his mad flight Jones tripped over a fallen tree and was promptly secured, while Brown escaped.

Jones was conveyed, with all due ceremony, to the "Head," and in the meantime the unhappy Brown came

to young Gladstone, clamouring for advice. What was he to do? He couldn't leave Jones to his fate.

The young Solomon weighed the matter carefully.

"It wouldn't be any good to go to the 'Head' and own up," he said. "It wouldn't get Jones out of his swishing, and you'd only catch it pretty hot yourself. No, that's no good. But I'll tell you what you can do. Lie low and stand Jones an ice-cream when he's been through it." And, presumably, in this way the mental and physical heat of Jones was cooled.

When he left University College, Oxford, he became history lecturer to Keble College, and after that, at the age of twenty-six, he plunged into politics.

He fought a famous and costly, but unsuccessful, election for Middlesex in 1880, when the victor was Lord George Hamilton. His father had been elected for two seats, however, West Leeds and Midlothian, so he handed West Leeds over to his son, and Mr. Gladstone has held this constituency ever since, retiring only at the last General Election.

His political career has been a slow but sure climb, beginning with a private secretaryship to his father, and passing through various departments until he was made Home Secretary in 1905.

As Home Secretary he took a keen interest in the unemployment problem, and he once told a meeting at West Ham that he would like to give work, not only to

all in the East End of London, but also to a good many in the West End.

"Do you work yourself?" asked an anxious voice.

"I think I've done as much work as you have, in my time," Mr. Gladstone retorted, with a grin. "And, if you care to shoulder a pick or a spade or an axe, I'm willing to compete with you."

The challenge was not taken up.

Of the Hon. Ivor Churchill Guest, the other new peer, very little is known outside political circles. The odd thing about his peerage is that, as he is the eldest son of Lord Wimborne, he would almost certainly have been a peer in any case, and as it is, he will sit in the House of Lords simultaneously with his father.

The story goes that during one of his election campaigns a lady canvasser had trouble with an unwilling voter.

"What for does 'e want to go into Parlyment?" was the bored question. "Is 'e 'ard up?"

"Dear me, no!" replied the startled canvasser.

"Then what for does 'e want to take the bread out of another man's mouth?"

When the canvasser had untied this mysterious remark she discovered that the elector thought M.P.'s were paid. She at once tried to put him right, but he waved her explanations aside.

"The papers is allus saying that they divided; now, they must be dividin' somethink!"

"Young April," by Egerton Castle, is a charming, adventurous, and poetical romance. It forms one of Pearson's Famous Sixpenny Series. You can get it at any booksellers.



Work by Pluck



A Tale of a Desperate Venture.

By H. T. WEBSTER WORRELL.

The elder of the two men came to an abrupt halt.

"This is the spot," he remarked easily, "just climb on to that little crag there and you have the whole panorama spread out before you like a map. There's only room for one. Be careful or you'll pop down something like five hundred feet or so—sheer to the bottom, which isn't very soft. Fine view, isn't it, Medicote?"

The younger did as the elder directed. Squeezing through the narrow space that led to the jutting bit of rock he stood erect and a gasp of admiration escaped him as he surveyed the broad expanse of country beyond.

"It's superb!" he ejaculated. "A view like this is worth double the climb you have given me!" And he stood on the little rocky space devouring the scene with appreciative eyes.

"Thought you'd like it, Medicote," remarked the man who awaited him a few feet below. "Now turn round and look at me—be careful not to slip!"

There was something curious in the speaker's tone, but Medicote did not notice that anything was amiss until he turned and saw Jeffery Yost gazing up at him with a strange glitter in his eyes, and holding a pair of revolvers levelled at his head.

"Nice view both ways, eh?" Yost remarked, with a dry sort of laugh, that sent a chill down Cyril Medicote's spine.

"An excellent joke, Mr. Yost, but—"

"Ah!" chuckled the man with the revolvers, "that's just it—but you don't quite like it, do you? Makes you feel sort of creepy, eh? Rather than you unawares, as it were, hasn't it? Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Medicote set his lips tightly. The man was mad, and he was in about as nasty a dilemma as could very well be imagined. No one but a madman could laugh like that.

Swiftly he set his wits to work to deal with the situation, but it was no easy matter to decide upon a course of action.

Behind the tiny patch of rock on which he stood was a sheer drop of some five hundred feet, as Yost had said; in front and beneath him was this madman with his two firmly-grasped revolvers pointing straight at his head. The only means of leaving the summit of the rock to which he had been inveigled was by the narrow little path he had ascended—a mere cleft in the basalt—unless he took a leap down onto the little clearing where Yost stood. Even if he succeeded in distracting his attention for a moment or two he would have no time to traverse the path. He decided to temporise.

"An excellent joke, Mr. Yost," he repeated smilingly. "I didn't know you carried those things with you. I hope they're not loaded though. I'm not a particularly nervous man, but such queer accidents do happen, you know!"

"Loaded?" the other laughed. "I'll show you whether they're loaded!" And the next moment he fired one of the weapons in the air.

Medicote's spirits sank, but he did not waver. To show the white feather was not in his way at all, and at a moment like this it would probably be disastrous.

The two men had met at a tourists' inn in Gloucestershire, and had joined forces in some expeditions amongst the wilder portions of the Cotswold Hills. The liking had been mutual, and though there was a considerable disparity in age the two had become excellent friends. Until now Yost had appeared the very soul of geniality, and on this particular day had been in especially good spirits. He had, too, been quite sympathetically interested when Medicote had confided in him that he had won the affections of a very charming girl, who feared opposition from her father upon the latter's return from a prolonged Antipodean tour.

"Can you guess why I've got you fixed up there, Medicote?" Jeffery Yost asked, a sudden grimness in his tone.

"Unless as an alleged joke—not!" was the reply. "I presume you have no objection to my smoking whilst we discuss the matter?" And the speaker produced his cigarette case.

A new light entered Yost's eyes; possibly he was struck by his captive's coolness. For a captive, under the circumstances, Medicote undoubtedly was.

"Not at all! Enjoy it, Medicote, for possibly it will be your last!"

"I hope not. In what way, may I ask, can I avoid that unpleasant eventuality, Mr. Yost?" Cyril's voice was calm and his hand was steady as he lit the cigarette.

Mr. Yost's manner underwent a sudden change. Advancing a pace he regarded the younger man menacingly, at the same time seeming to tighten his grip upon his revolvers.

"Very well, as you appear to wish to hasten matters, I'll explain without further delay. You've been good enough to honour me with your confidences in regard to the attachment you allege to exist between yourself and a certain young lady—Miss Grace Levett. Of that attachment I have been aware for some time. As it happens that I have fully determined that she shall bear my name, is it likely that I should stand quietly aside and allow you, a new-comer, as it were, to take her from me? I have loved her for years—since her childhood, in fact—I have only to ask her to forget you and she will do so!"

Jeffery Yost paused; he was still watching Medicote keenly, and the revolvers were still aimed straight at his prisoner's head.

"You? You know Miss Levett?" Cyril gasped, astonished at the revelation.

"Certainly. I always speak the truth, Medicote. I suppose you think I'm too old for her to think about—that she wouldn't look at a middle-aged man, eh? Well, if so, you're mistaken." Again he paused; it was as though he were preparing himself for the casting of his last bolt.

Cyril's thoughts were curiously mixed. That Jeffery Yost was mad he entertained not the slightest doubt; the idea that he was merely playing a practical joke had swiftly become dispelled.

The man's manner was too grimly earnest for that. The question was, how could he escape from the danger that obviously threatened him? He was no coward—far from it; he could have faced death as well as, perhaps better than, most men. But there was Grace, whom he loved and who loved him—Grace, who was only awaiting her father's formal consent

to their engagement before naming the happy day when she would give herself to him for ever. And as these thoughts raced through his brain he heard again the voice of Jeffery Yost—harsh, triumphant, relentless.

"I give you the choice of three things," he said. "Promise to relinquish Grace Levett for ever, refraining from giving any explanation of your conduct; jump over the cliff behind you; or be shot dead as you stand. If you go over the cliff the verdict will be 'accidental death'; if I shoot you it will be 'suicide,' for I shall take care to arrange your body so that it shall appear that you have killed yourself. I'll give you just five minutes in which to decide, Medicote, and if you're sensible it won't take you long to make your decision."

Five minutes! Cyril bit his lip, but he regarded his persecutor without flinching. The thought now came to him that Yost was not as mad as he had deemed him to be. The determination in the keen grey eyes was not the unreasoning obstinacy of a madman; the tell-tale light revealing the irresponsible workings of a deceased brain was not there. Jeffery Yost just then was the embodiment of a resolute, relentless man, utterly indifferent to the means whereby he gained his end as long as he should gain it.

With a madman he could have attempted, with a clear conscience, some sort of deception, appearing to fall in with his demand to relinquish Grace and awaiting his opportunity to overpower him and have him placed under proper restraint, even though such a method of escaping his danger would be foreign to his whole nature; with a man who was sane it was different.

To save his life and win Grace by an artifice when dealing with any other than a madman was unthinkable; to act thus would be to prove himself a coward, and his head would be bowed with shame until the end of his days.

Very calmly he lit another cigarette, and, with a steady gaze, scrutinised the man who stood beneath him.

"You have sketched out quite an interesting programme of alternatives, Mr. Yost," he observed. "I certainly have no intention of acceding to your demand to relinquish the girl I love, and neither have I the remotest thought of jumping over the cliff. So, under the circumstances, the sooner you blaze away and bring this somewhat unpleasant interview to a conclusion, the better!"

The revolvers were still levelled at Medicote's head, but Yost did not speak. His eyes seem to be searching the very soul of the man he was torturing. He appeared to be awaiting the advent of some trace of the fear he was unable to detect.

Three of the five minutes were gone, when suddenly Medicote made a beckoning gesture as though to someone a short distance down the hill-side to Yost's rear. Instinctively the latter turned, and at the same instant Medicote took a great leap, springing for a spot slightly to one side of the man who held the revolvers. Yost turned sharply; one of the revolvers clattered to the rocky ground, the other exploded harmlessly; almost simultaneously Medicote, with difficulty keeping his balance, swung his right arm round and caught the former full on the neck.

With a sharp cry Yost fell like a log; his head struck a rock, and he lay insensible.

Medicote knelt beside the injured man and examined him closely. Having satisfied himself that the wound, though serious, would not prove fatal, he dressed it as well as he was able with the simple aid of a handkerchief. Then, after picking up the two revolvers and putting them in his pocket, he lifted up the unconscious man and began the descent of the hill.

Yost, though not so big a man as himself, was a good weight, and the journey to the farmhouse, where he was able to procure a conveyance, taxed his strength as no athletic feat in his college days had ever done.

The local doctor, who had cycled over from the neighbouring village, pronounced the patient to be in no immediate danger. But there had been severe concussion, causing a pressure on the brain, which would necessitate an operation he did not care to undertake. He suggested that Mr. Yost's friends be communicated with.

But there was nothing in the unconscious man's pockets or about his room that afforded any clue to the name and address of any friend. His portmanteau was locked, and the key could not be found.

The earlier the operation was performed the better. Medicote, who in a measure felt responsible for the conduct of affairs, offered to journey at once to London and bring down Wilmot Bland, the young surgeon who had recently leapt into fame through his skill in matters of this sort. Bland was a friend of his.

But he was anxious also to see Grace and discover whether she knew anything at all about anyone of the name of Jeffery Yost. Medicote pondered deeply during the journey.

After seeing Bland, who chanced to be free that afternoon, he went on to the Levett's house, which was quite near Harley Street. He was to meet Bland at Paddington in an hour's time.

Grace, dainty and happy-eyed, greeted her lover with charming surprise. But she swiftly grew serious when she saw his manner was rather grave.

"No, dear," she said, in answer to his query, "I do not know and never have known anyone of the name you mention. Why do you ask?"

With her fair head upon his shoulder he told her; a puzzled expression entered her blue eyes.

"It's a funny thing to say, dearest, but I should like to see this Mr. Yost. I've an idea—don't ask me what it is, for if I'm wrong you'll never forget to torment me about it. How—"

"I know what you mean, Gracie—how can we manage it? Why, I'll run round to Bland and get him to persuade his wife to make up a quartette. You and she are very good friends, I know."

"I'll tell mother and then get ready—she won't mind, I

know!" This with perfect confidence in her ability to combat any possible maternal objections.

Medicote gave her a squeeze and half-a-dozen kisses, and then bolted full speed for Wilmot Bland's.

"He is my father! Whatever does it all mean?"

As she whispered the startled words to her lover Grace Levett gazed at the unconscious man with wondering eyes.

"You will save him, Dr. Bland?" she queried very earnestly, as she turned to the famous young specialist.

"Yes, I shall save him, Miss Levett. But time is precious. I must ask you all, except Dr. Browne, to leave."

An hour later he entered the room where Medicote had remained with Grace and Mrs. Bland.

"The operation is a success," he announced, with calm gratification. "He will not recover consciousness for some hours, and as I can do nothing more I suggest that, after some supper, we all enjoy a pleasant little stroll around this delightful spot." Which programme was duly carried out.

On the morrow Mr. Levett was fully conscious, and already, thanks to Bland's skill, on the fair road to complete recovery. He was asking for Medicote, and the latter, wondering what he was about to hear, hastened to his side.

"I remember it all, Medicote," he said, in a voice which, though weak, was quite audible and steady. "My brain is clear now, and I'm able to tell you why I was foolish enough to go through that pantomime up on the hills."

"Some years ago a friend of mine lost his daughter, and it was in this way that he lost her: She was on her honeymoon, and her husband, a fine fellow enough in every other way, was physically a coward. They were staying in the Lake District, and one day, out on Windermere, the boat was upset. The man could swim a little—just enough to save himself; the girl could not swim at all. Mad with terror, he saved himself and let her drown; subsequent remorse cost him his sanity."

"When I heard of it, Medicote, it made an impression on me, and I vowed that my daughter should never marry a man whose fearlessness I had not proved."

"As you know, I have been abroad for some time, and hearing of your engagement to Grace, provisionally upon my consent, I determined to keep secret my return to England, and let no one know until I had found you out and tested you. I made inquiries and found you had gone on your holidays. I followed you, and easily struck up an acquaintance with you. The rest you know. I put you to the test, and did not find you wanting, though"—this with a grim smile—"I got a trifle more than I bargained for! Your hand, Medicote—I shall be proud of you as a son-in-law!" And the hands of the two men met in a clasp more eloquent than words.

There was a knock at the door, and a fair-haired, dainty figure entered.

"Father!" she cried softly.

John Levett kissed her fondly as she bent over him. Then he took one small hand, and, reaching for Medicote's, placed it in his.

"My blessing!" he said. "I vowed I would never let my Grace marry a coward, and—well, I'm here to prove my words!"

A contented smile flickered over his face, and he lapsed into a peaceful sleep.

Hand-in-hand the lovers crept from the room.

BUILDINGS THAT EMIGRATE.

THIS is a utilitarian age, and the march of progress often necessitates the destruction of things that are old because they occupy space that is wanted. Many of our ancient buildings, famous for their historical associations, are lost in this manner, and if wealthy Americans had their way hardly any old houses would be left to us.

At one time or another millionaires from across the Atlantic have offered to buy old houses connected with famous men of past generations, while to our shame others are maintained in a state of repair by the money subscribed by American visitors.

Just over twenty years ago the cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire, in which Milton took refuge from the plague while finishing "Paradise Lost," was only saved at the last moment. Americans were arranged to buy it and take it to the United States, where it was to be re-erected. Fortunately, public sentiment was too strong, and a fund was at once raised—to which Queen Victoria was a contributor—to buy it for public use.

Now the owners of the ancient Reindeer Inn, at Banbury, have received an offer for the Globe Room, which is to be transplanted to America. The inn itself is between three and four centuries old, and the Globe Room is a magnificent specimen of Jacobean panelling, while the ceiling is even more famous.

Scattered about Britain are several buildings that have been moved from their original site. Chelsea will soon possess the re-erected Crosby Hall, lately removed from Bishopsgate Street, while Temple Bar now forms the entrance to Theobalds Park, near Cheshunt.

Swanage rejoices in the possession of the clock tower that used to stand at the south side of London Bridge, while Weybridge Green is decorated with the presences of the column that stood at Seven Dials up to July, 1773.

THE poor but honest young man had bearded the millionaire in his den.

"Well," he said, "I want to marry your daughter."

"Impossible, sir, impossible!" exclaimed the old man.

"Why, I would rather give up every pound I have than part with my only daughter."

"Oh, very well," calmly rejoined the diplomatic youth, "if that's the way you feel about it I won't be too heavy on you. Just write me out a cheque for a hundred thousand and we'll let it go at that."

If you are feeling seedy and by troubles are upset, Read the novel by Charles Garvice "A Modern Juliet." Sixpence at all booksellers.

PRIZE MONEY UP AGAIN.

This Week £199 18s. for Picture Couplets.

THIS IS THE IDEA:

In the second column is a picture together with the first line of a Couplet. You are invited to complete the Couplet by supplying another line, the last word of which shall rhyme with the last word of the line given. We have given you an alternative second line just to show you how easy it is. Now compose an original second line and send it to us under the conditions below.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST.

In the next column you will find the first line of a Picture Couplet together with a picture. What you have to do is to make a couplet by adding another line, the last word of which must rhyme with the last word of the line given.

When you have written your couplet on the entry form, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entry form, attach to it a postal order for sixpence, and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Mark your envelope "PAPER" in the top left-hand corner.

All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, March 17th. Those arriving later will be disqualified.

Everyone who enters must compete on the printed entry form, and send a postal order for 6d. with it. The P.O. must be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and should be crossed shown in this example. The number must be provided on the entry P.O. of higher value than one attempt, the should be written on each entry form.

All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry forms or they will be disqualified.

Of the amount received (after deducting ten per cent.) three-fourths will be divided amongst the senders of the ten lines which are considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a line thus selected by the adjudicators, a tenth part of this three-fourths will be divided amongst all such senders.

The remaining one-fourth will be awarded in gifts by the adjudicators amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.



When to paper the parlour Brown started one day

Example of a second line—not to be used:

"His attempt at the frieze was a frost," neighbours say.

ENTRY FORM. PICTURE COUPLETS No. 27.

No. of Postal Order

When to paper the parlour Brown started one day

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the printed conditions.

Signed

Address

THREE POINTS TO NOTE.

1. Each week's contest is complete in itself.
2. Each entry received is most carefully scrutinised and considered entirely on its merits. The Judges pay no attention to the names and addresses of competitors.
3. Our Contests are conducted on straight-forward lines only. No special favour is shown to any particular competitor or to any particular town or district.

RESULT OF COUPLETS NO. 24.

YET another increase! This week the amount available for distribution allows a prize of £15 to each of the senders of the ten lines selected as the best by the adjudicators, while £49 18s., is distributed amongst other competitors, whose efforts come next in merit.

With this week's awards the grand total distributed now stands at £5,336 8s. 4d.

Next week we are hopeful that the prize-money will again be substantial.

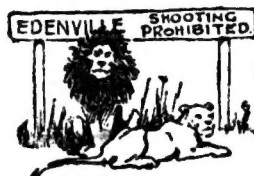
In Picture Couplets No. 24, which competitors were asked to complete, the line given was:

When Mrs. Brown hung up the washing to dry.

The ten lines selected as the best by the adjudicators together with the names and addresses of the senders, are as follows:

- The neighbours with "slaves" could toss their heads high.
F HOLMAN, Claremont, Chelston, Torquay.
Next to cleanliness "gaudiness" captured the eye.
W. McCOLL, 1,323 Dumbarton Road, Glasgow.
"That quite alters my 'view' of my neighbours," said I.
Mrs. L. A. BOCOTT, 25 Lee Terrace, Blackheath.
'Twas "all over the parish," with Brown in full cry.
D. COMYNS, 2 Brent Terrace, Hendon.
"Friends will now find me 'out,'" she told Brown with a sigh.
Mrs. KINNEIR, Gordon House, Horsham.
She smiled at "new" things jealous neighbours would spy.
C. Y. NEWSOME, Smithies, Heckmondwike.
"A stitch in time saves rude remarks," was her sigh.
F. DENLEY, Holly Green, Upton-on-Severn.
The flannels were "worsted," the wind blew so high.
Miss H. TODD, 36 Maplethorpe Road, Thornton Heath.
"Glad there's something at home that 'dries up,'" was Brown's sigh.
C. WILLIAMS, 40 Queen Street, Edinburgh.
She said, "Even 'windfalls' at times make one sigh."
H. BISHOP, 15 Bonsor Road, Folkestone.

(List of other awards appears on Page iii. of Red Cover.)



Sanctuaries for Wild Beasts

Parks as Big as Provinces have been Set Aside to Preserve Rare Animals from Extinction.

EVERY day the world is getting more settled, and, as civilised man gradually conquers the wild places, the more dangerous animals are pushed back into an ever-decreasing area of country, or even exterminated altogether.

The continual improvement in the sporting rifle makes hunting more easy, and the increase of railways brings the big-game hunter into closer touch with the wilderness, so that it is not surprising that whole races of wild animals are slowly but surely being exterminated.

So serious has this question of extermination become that almost every nation of importance is taking the matter up and setting aside whole tracts of country, in which game of all kinds is strictly preserved and only a few shooting licenses issued in order to prevent too great an increase of the protected species.

What Switzerland has Done.

Switzerland is the latest country to come into line, for it has just been announced that a large tract of country at Ternetz in the Lower Engadine has been set aside for the preservation of the national flora and fauna which are greatly in need of protection.

The country forms a large square of territory on the Swiss Tyrolean and Italian frontiers, which contains only one hamlet and consists largely of primitive forests and thickly-wooded valleys traversed only by a few bridle paths chiefly known to the smugglers.

America was, of course, the first country to set aside a reservation, when, in 1872, the Yellowstone Park, situated in Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana, was reserved from settlement in order that it might form a huge national

park in which the national wild animals could breed unmolested.

It comprises some 3,348 square miles of land, which contain ranges of mountains, lakes, rivers, waterfalls, geysers, and much natural beauty. Its most celebrated feature, perhaps, is the famous Grand Cañon, and a geyser which throws thick mud instead of water.

A few buffaloes still roam its least-visited portions, but the mountain lions have almost died out. Elk, deer, antelope, bear, mountain sheep, moose, and smaller animals are very plentiful, but the park guards shoot a large number of coyotes, as they prey on the other animals. Birds breed in huge quantities, and steps are being taken to encourage some of the smaller and more rare birds by placing nesting boxes in suitable places.

Canada possesses a couple of National Parks, a comparatively small one about 120 miles from Ottawa, and a much larger one in British Columbia. The former, the Algonquin National Park, is situated between Georgian Bay and the Ottawa River, and is more than forty miles square, most of which consists of small rivers and lakes. It is chiefly intended to be a home for beavers and wild-fowl, although, of course, a considerable number of the larger animals are also to be found.

Reservations Especially for Bison.

Then in Lake Superior, four miles from Mungasing, Michigan, is Grand Island, containing 13,800 acres of woodland, which are devoted to the preservation of the local animal and bird life. There are also one or two smaller reservations in the United States, especially set aside for the preservation of the few herds of bison that still remain; one is at Wichita, Oklahoma, and another at Flathead, Montana, but their areas are small.

Germany is also moving, and there is a talk of establishing a reserve in her East African territories to the south-east of Lake Victoria Nyanza, which will comprise no fewer than 30,000 square miles, a stretch of country nearly as large as Ireland. Within its borders the hunting of game is to be strictly prohibited, but it is doubtful if so much territory will be set aside, as it would cost an enormous sum to guard it efficiently.

The Transvaal Government has also proclaimed a

sanctuary for wild animals. This is the Sabi Game Reserve, which runs for 300 miles along the Portuguese border. It extends from the Komati to the Limpopo rivers, and is about forty miles broad. The warden has under him four white and seventy black assistants, and the more rare animals which were being exterminated are now increasing in number. Only a few lions, leopards, hyena, and wild dogs are shot by the wardens, as if these increased to any extent it would be bad for the more peaceful creatures.

South Australia recently set aside sixty-seven square miles of land at the west end of Kangaroo Island, and, according to a larger scheme, some 300 square miles will also be used for the purpose. Round Mount Kosciuszko, in the Australian Alps, near the border of Victoria, one hundred square miles has been made a game reserve by the Government of New South Wales; while New Zealand has also reservations.

One Even Near London.

For the last few years Count Potocki has turned some 22,000 acres of his estate at Pilaivin, in Poland, into a game preserve. He surrounded it with a wooden palisade some eight feet high, and within this he introduced specimens of the European bison and native animals, besides some wapiti from Canada, and other foreign creatures.

Even close to London a small wood has been set aside in the Brent valley, where our wild birds and small animals can breed without interference, and it is hoped that other and larger sanctuaries will be formed in different parts of the country.

"TIME works changes among the wealthy as well as the poor."

"I should say so. Nowadays the chauffeur knows more family secrets than the butler."

"I REMEMBER one picture that brought tears to my eyes."

"A pathetic subject, I presume?"

"No, sir; it was a fruit painting. I was sitting close under it when it dropped on my head."

John Strange Winter's brilliant novel, "Lady Jennifer," can be obtained from all booksellers for sixpence. It forms one of Pearson's Famous Sixpenny Series.

Our Courts.

"A Handy Wife."

"My husband is a boxer, and he practises on me," was the excuse which a woman offered when charged at Lambeth with drunkenness.

In a Bad State.

"He was absolutely incapacitated," said a wife at Kingston-on-Thames by way of description of her husband's tipsy condition.

Brief, but Prolific.

Heard at the Bangor County Court:

Counsel: "Have you any children?"

"Yes, any amount; fourteen," was the quick reply.

Taking It Cheerfully.

When sentenced to three years' penal servitude at Bristol Assizes a housebreaker smiled.

"Thank you, my Lord," quoth he, "when the fields are white with daisies I'll return."

Curiosity! Thy Name is—

A woman told the Tottenham magistrate that two of her lodgers had gone and left a couple of large hampers.

Magistrate: "Have you seen what the hampers contain?"

Applicant: "No."

Magistrate: "I am surprised."

The woman subsequently said one hamper was unlocked, and she had looked in this one.

Magistrate: "I thought you did."

Little Incidents Recorded from the Daily Papers that have Caused the Courts to Smile.

A Unique Gift.

"Here's my wife, now lock me up," said a West Ham man, throwing his wife into the arms of a constable. He was fined £2 for being drunk and disorderly, and assaulting the police.

Sweet Memories.

Applicant at Tottenham Police Court: "You remember my case a little time ago, of course?"

Alderman Huggett: "I don't know why I should. Is it because you are so good-looking?"

"The Old, Old Story."

Witness (at Tower Bridge Police Court): "He was an old man, and I believed him."

The Magistrate: "Do you think we get more truthful as we get older?"

Very Deceiving.

Cabby (charged with cruelty to his mare) at Guildhall Police Court:

"No wonder I didn't notice she was lame. The 'vet.' says she is lame in all four legs, so you see that balanced it, and I could not very well tell anything was wrong."

Are Women Good Money Minders?

"I know how to take care of money," a young widow told Judge Bacon at the Whitechapel County Court, when he was reluctant to entrust her with £200 compensation.

"All women think they do," the judge replied, "but they are not proof against the designing male."

A Slight Hindrance.

A woman prisoner, asked at Willenden if she were married, replied: "Yes; or I should be if my husband's first wife were not still living."

A Witness from Afar.

Witness (in motor case at Richmond recently): "I was opposite the starting point and thirty miles away." (Laughter.)

Following His Dear Old Dad.

A lad of nineteen, charged at Willenden with being drunk, said: "Father is well known here, and I don't think I am far behind him."

A Revolving Head.

"Instead of looking first one way and then the other before crossing the road," said Judge Lumley Smith at the City of London Court, "it is necessary now that one's head should revolve."

Last Word Again.

"Tell the truth, you wicked woman," said one woman to another at Clerkenwell County Court in a judgment summons case.

Second Woman: "Tell the truth yourself."

First Woman: "I do."

Second Woman: "You don't."

First Woman: "How dare you?"

Second Woman: "How dare you?"

First Woman: "I am telling the solemn truth."

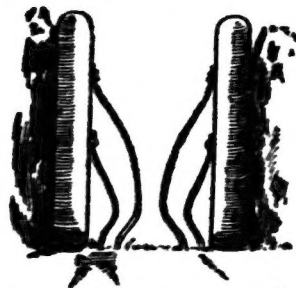
Second Woman: "So am I."

The contest was put an end to by the judge making an order.

Picture Pars.

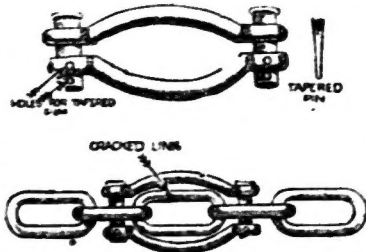
ON GOLF COURSES.

WHEN carrying his clubs and journeying from one field to another, a golfer finds that climbing over stiles is most inconvenient. Therefore, the erection shown here may often be noticed at golf courses. Four pieces of iron are bent as depicted and secured to the ground and the two posts. The player can simply walk through. There is no stile to mount, and no gate for any absent-minded player to leave open and allow cattle to wander on the course.



PREVENTIVE SHACKLES.

EVERY lightship round our coast is supplied with two of the preventive shackles illustrated here. When the wind blows fiercely and the vessel requires more cable, a weak link may be discovered. Time does not allow the defect to be put right, so the preventive shackle makes its appearance. It is in two parts, with a stout pin at each end. One part is placed on each side of the defective link, and a pin—passing through the next link—connects it. A small, tapered pin is driven into each of the large pins through the holes shown in the top sketch, a leaden pellet is then flattened in the holes, and thus the danger of a broken chain is overcome.



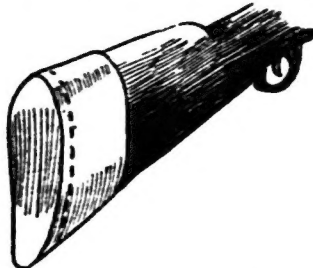
AN AUTOMATIC TROUGH.

A WATER-TROUGH never empty and never overflowing should be a boon to agriculturists. This paragraph explains how one can easily be constructed. X is a barrel filled with water, the plug driven firmly in to insure it being air-tight. W is a pipe which supplies the trough, Z, with water. Y is a pipe which reaches to within a few inches of the bottom of the trough. When the trough is empty air rushes up Y, and water by its own weight comes down pipe W. When the liquid covers the end of Y, the air ceases its action, no water comes down W, and the trough cannot, therefore, overflow.



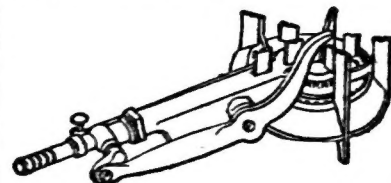
STOPS SHOCK.

MANY rifles give a heavy recoil when fired with only a normal charge, and even shot-guns often cause inconvenience to the gunner. If he engages in a really good battue, next day his shoulder feels as though it had been severely punched. The illustration shows a contrivance to mitigate the shock. It is an india-rubber sheath which fits over the butt of the gun. Where the gun rests on the shoulder, a pad of rubber sponge is inclosed—shown by the dotted line—and this quite nullifies the effects of the recoil.



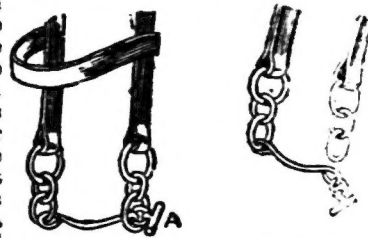
THE KETTLE TURNS THE GAS UP.

THE picture shows a useful form of gas burner for those whose work requires the frequent warming up of the contents of a kettle or pot. As seen, a lever projects up over the ring, and when a vessel is placed on the burner, it depresses the lever, and thus on the main gas supply, which is then ignited from a by-pass. When the vessel is removed, the gas goes out.



REMOVING THE BIT.

DRAUGHT-HORSES often have to be fed whenever a stoppage for a short time occurs. But the relish of the food would be diminished if the bit remained in their mouths. Time and circumstances would not permit of the bit being taken off; besides which it would not be safe, for the quietest beast will often bolt if the blinkers are removed whilst he is in a vehicle. The picture shows a ready way for getting over the difficulty. The bit at one end is furnished with a small link attached to a T-piece, see A, Fig. 1. The waggoner slips the T-piece through the ring, and the bit is immediately released, Fig. 2, and hangs harmlessly on one side whilst the horse refreshes himself. When the time comes to start again, the bit is replaced.



Picked Pars.

Liverpool Leads the Way.

Receptacles are being placed in the Liverpool trams for so that passengers may place used tram tickets therein, instead of littering the floors of the vehicles.

Thrifty Kiddies.

The annual report of the Yorkshire Penny Bank reveals the fact that £75,000 has been saved by child depositors in five years, and remains in the hands of the bank.

In Germany.

At the Social Democratic agitation at Neumeunster, Germany, the other night a workman's hand was cut off by a policeman as he was in the act of lifting a stone to throw at an adversary.

Banknotes in Wall-paper.

During the hearing of a charge of burglary against a plasterer at Ulverston recently, police witnesses stated that they found three £5 notes, part of the alleged proceeds of the robbery, behind the wall-paper in the kitchen of the house in which the prisoner lived.

Motor-car to Fit.

Mrs. W. Irving Twombly, a wealthy resident of New York, will invade Paris, and perhaps London soon, in a little motor-car that has been built to fit her like a tailor-made costume. It is 26in. wide and 56in. high, required eight months to build, and cost £1,400 complete. Its body is of aluminium and glass, with trimmings of silver, and is painted royal blue.

A Few Items of Fact that Will Interest You.

Cold Bath Advocate.

After rushing madly through the streets of Kingston the other day a cow jumped into the Thames. It was guided by boats to the landing stage and landed safely.

The Business Council.

Lambeth Borough Council have decided that, if any sweeper in the council's employ be more than five minutes late in commencing work in the morning, he be suspended for the day. The hour for beginning work is six o'clock.

Another Reputation Gone.

Modern research has, according to a Colonial Office report, proved carrion crows to be disseminators of disease instead of useful scavengers, and they are no longer to be protected in the towns of British Guiana.

"Delicate Flavour."

Some of the members of the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland, at Dublin, recently tasted eggs which were laid in China forty years ago. The eggs had become a sort of jelly of a delicate flavour and were pronounced excellent.

Training British Waiters.

The Loyal British Waiters' Society, the aim of which is to provide British waiters for every restaurant table, held its first general meeting recently. "We have over 150 members," said an official of the society. "Our object is to bring the British waiter back to his old position. A Britisher can beat the foreigner in waiting if he is properly trained."

Trade in Lambeth.

A butcher recently stated at a London Court that he had had a shop in Lambeth-walk and took £175 to £225 on Saturday night.

A Fatal Beard.

His long beard catching fire in a candle, an old man named William Williams, of Boughrood, Radnorshire, received fatal injuries.

Jewel Robbery with a Pickaxe.

After breaking a window of a jeweller's shop at Epping with a pickaxe, the thief made off with jewellery to the value of £20. The pickaxe was left on the doorstep.

Water for the Water Rat.

Whilst the principal comedian in the pantomime of the Grand Theatre, Nelson, was singing a comic song, dressed as a water rat, the sound of rushing water was heard. The next minute the actors were scampering off the stage, which was instantly flooded, and the water poured in a deluge into the orchestra. The cause of the mishap was the bursting of a water pipe at the back of the stage.

Snowballs for Rice.

A young Swiss couple arrived recently at the church at St. Moritz to be wedded on skis. They were accompanied by the best man and several bridesmaids, all on skis. They planted their skis against the walls of the church, and, brushing off the snow from their clothes, entered the building. After the ceremony the young people were snowballed—which replaced the traditional rice—while putting on their skis, and chased several miles out of St. Moritz by their friends.



An Aerial Capture

The Story of How it was Effected.

By D. A. CHAMBERS.

A FRESH breeze blew over Dartmoor, lying quiet and peaceful and wildly beautiful under the sunshine, which sunshine was reflected off a strange looking object lying motionless upon its side upon the moorland.

It was Henry Carton's aeroplane—a weird construction upon which I, uninitiated in the mysteries of the modern art of flying, looked with awe-struck but utterly uncomprehending eyes. It was in vain that its owner and part inventor had explained to me with the enthusiasm of a father for his first-born the workings of the thing; to me it was as at the first a mere awe-inspiring construction whose very nature remained a mystery.

But, nevertheless, Henry had persuaded me to accompany him on a trial flight over Dartmoor, not exactly the first venture of the machine, for it had borne him hither to this rendezvous an hour or two ago, and its enthusiastic owner had winged his way through the aerial regions upon several previous occasions; this, however, was to be the first time upon which the "Condor" would essay to carry a passenger.

The idea attracted even while it alarmed me; I had a certain amount of faith in Henry, crank as he was, and the prospect of flying through the fresh, keen air at the rate he promised sounded very alluring; on the other hand, I had no wish to take part in one of those sensational and rapid descents in which aeronauts have recently distinguished themselves.

We had chosen an ideal spot for our venture; not a soul seemed stirring on the wide expanse of moorland; no excited crowds would applaud or jeer the "Condor's" maiden attempt at passenger carrying; all was as lonely and remote as a desert plain.

Many preparations being completed, I stepped at last upon the aeroplane somewhat gingerly and watched with much curiosity and anticipation my companion's final movements. But even as all was ready, and I waited with mingled sensations for the first upward leap into the air, a voice just at my shoulder and behind us both made me jump violently.

It was not a pleasant voice, nor did it seem to have anything pleasant to say, for it desired us in a manner the reverse of amiable or even polite to "Old 'ard there! or I'll put a bullet through you!"

Carton and I turned round fearfully to look into the barrel of a particularly business-like looking gun held by a man of villainous countenance and immense stature. There was an expression of such ferocity and violence on his ill-favoured face that involuntarily I shrank back while, with a sinking at the heart, I perceived that the unwelcome arrival was garbed in the ugly and unprepossessing attire of one of His Majesty's convicts. Evidently he had escaped from Princetown, and having by some means or other procured his gun, probably from some farmhouse on his line of flight, was prepared to sell his liberty dearly.

"What do you want, sir?" asked Carton, who, though a crank, is remarkably polite under all circumstances. Like myself, he is somewhat small and none too muscular, and our companion's proportions would not have disgraced an advertisement for physical culture! Likewise he held in his hand the all-convincing argument of a deadly weapon. Under the circumstances I also found myself wondrously polite.

"We were just—er—going for a little fly!" I observed, with what was doubtless a ghastly grin, "and being in rather a hurry—"

"Urry," exclaimed the burly ruffian. "I'm in a precious 'urry myself for that matter. 'Ere, you, does this thing go?" he added, turning to Carton with such ferocious suddenness that the little man started violently.

"Go? Of course it goes, my dear sir!" he exclaimed, his fatherly pride in his beloved machine conquering all other feelings, "she flies like a bird, is under perfect control, and answers to the least touch of the hand as well as the best broken-in horse living!"

Carton was riding his hobby now in real earnest, our convict friend did not know what he had let himself in for!

"What I claim for her is this," continued Henry, warming to his subject, but he was summarily interrupted.

"Stow all that gas," commanded he of the broad arrows roughly, "what I'm goin' to do is this. I'm goin' to board this 'ere flying machine of yours, and you've got to get me somewhere where those bluebottles over there won't find me!"

He jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of Princetown, and even as he spoke there rose on the air the distant boom that had puzzled Henry and me earlier in the morning. They were firing to warn the neighbourhood of the escape of one of the convicts.

Henry and I looked blankly at each other, and then at the armed ruffian before us.

"You propose coming with us?" inquired Henry faintly.

"I am coming with you," was the response, delivered with brutal resolve.

"But—there is only room for—for two," said Henry weakly.

"Then this 'ere chap can't go," said the convict, indicating me with a jerk of his bullet head.

Henry veered round immediately. The idea of a solitary trip into the aerial regions *tête-à-tête* with the man before him did not appeal to my poor friend.

"Oh! I couldn't—couldn't possibly leave him behind," he said. "I daresay—perhaps we could—er—manage somehow—though I'm afraid I'm not going your way, sir," with a persuasive smile.

"You must go my way," said the man decisively, shoving his way roughly in beside me. "I don't mind where it is so long as it's a few leagues away from 'ere!"

We looked at each other blankly once more, Henry and I. We were certainly two to one, but our unwelcome passenger had the double advantage of very superior physique and—a weapon! Moreover, he bore unmistakable signs of being able to enforce his wishes in a very convincing manner. There seemed nothing for it but to do as he commanded.

The "Condor" took the air beautifully under her burden of three; we gained an altitude of eighty or one hundred feet rapidly, and, hanging for a moment in the clear, keen air, veered round and struck off in an opposite direction to that in which our fellow-passenger was so badly wanted.

Only then did he rest his gun upon his knees in a less aggressive attitude, and, looking round curiously, hardly seemed to know whether to be more relieved or nervous at the strange situation in which he found himself.

"You're sure you can manage the—thing?" he inquired of Henry.

That good fellow, who seemed to have regained his lost enthusiasm and to be quite himself again, answered with proud cheerfulness that he had the "Condor" under absolute control. Certainly the sensation was delightful, and, under any other circumstances, I should have thoroughly enjoyed the experience. But the presence at my side of the big burly ruffian, with the villainous face and the murderous weapon, entirely took away any pleasure I might have derived from the "Condor's" remarkable achievements.

We glided along easily at a rate which even I knew must be considerably greater than it seemed. The ground below looked infinitesimally small and distant; all round us was the pure, clear, virgin air, sunshine filled; the sensation was like nothing I had ever before experienced, and under the tonic of the atmosphere even our unpleasant companion seemed to expand and wax genial.

"Not 'arf bad, is it?" he exclaimed, sniffing the air vigorously. "You know 'ow to get 'er along, too! I tell you what I've been thinkin'. You put us down at some nice quiet little spot, near the coast for choice, you know, and then one of you can change duds with me and I'll slope! See?"

He eyed my fur coat appreciatively. We heard with silent groaning, but agreed cheerfully as we saw his fingers linger lovingly over the gun upon his knees.

"If they could only see me now!" he chuckled ecstatically, referring doubtless to the search party upon distant Dartmoor; "this is the best lark I ever struck!" And he was seized with convulsions of laughter, accompanied by alarming internal rumblings, which seemed to shake his whole body.

I almost smiled in company, so hilarious was his mirth, but, happening to glance up at Henry, I checked my unseemly gaiety upon the instant. Our driver wore an expression of the keenest anxiety and fear upon his features; he was bending down over the lever by which he had hitherto so successfully driven his machine, and seemed to be regarding it with mingled surprise and horror.

A terrifying conviction that something had gone wrong was turned to certainty by his quick, agitated words. "Something's wrong! I haven't got her under proper control," he said agitatedly, and looked at us fearfully.

Before I could reply our companion broke in roughly.

"What's that?" he exclaimed, his face white with fear, his small eyes alight with terror and rage. "The thing's gone wrong, do you say? Then get it right, can't you?"

He handled his gun with such menacing though trembling fingers that Henry hastened to explain.

"It is no use threatening me," he said sadly, "and do not allow yourself to be alarmed, my good sir, I beg, for that will do no good. It may be all right, but—" His words were jerked short by a tremendous upward leap of the "Condor," which nearly threw us all from our seats, and the convict's face turned from white to grey, while his lips were absolutely blue with terror.

"Look out! What are you doin', you juggins?" he cried shrilly; "you nearly 'ad me out then! What do you mean by bringin' me up 'ere all these miles in the air in a thing you can't manage? Eh? What you do mean, you wicked little varmint, you!"

His teeth were chattering, he shook an impotent fist in poor Henry's face, who was fumbling vainly with the guiding lever, and looking nearly distracted with anxiety.

For myself I was too frightened to move or speak. I had read of the terrible deaths by which rash aeronauts had ended their adventurous careers; I knew too well what it would mean if we were crashed to earth at our present mode of progress—we should be dashed to pieces or so frightfully mutilated that death would be only too welcome. I think my terrified face and ominous silence alarmed our friend more than Henry's words.

"We shall be dashed to pieces," he cried shrilly, trembling like a leaf. "Why did I ever see you or your machine? Can't you make her go yet?" he added to the long-suffering Henry, whose face wore a look of hopeless despair and misery.

"I'm afraid not," Henry answered, shaking his head, and then he looked across to me. "I'm exceedingly sorry, old friend," he said, with tenderness, "to have brought you to this terrible end. It is all my fault; I ought not to have allowed you to venture, but how was I to anticipate this? She has always been under such perfect control hitherto. As it is, I'm afraid the end cannot be far off—she has started to descend."

It was even as he said. The "Condor," after one breathless moment of motionless balance, sank like a stone, gathering impetus every second, while with a yell of sheer terror the convict flung himself down amongst our feet, his face buried in his hands, uttering dismal howls of terror.

"You should not have insisted upon coming," said Henry sternly, and, as he spoke, he rapidly seized the man's discarded gun and, with a broad grin, handed it over to me, while he winked reassuringly.

In a moment my dense brain grasped what Henry's quicker wits had evolved. The "Condor" was perfectly right and

under complete control! This was Henry's little ruse to get the better of our uninvited guest, and a glow of relief and admiration thrilled through me at his clever move.

But still more was to come! I looked down to see the friendly earth rapidly approaching; I could see a mass of dark, gloomy-looking buildings surrounded by high, forbidding walls. Henry had surpassed himself; we were descending rapidly upon Princetown itself!

The mirth which seized me at this discovery shook my whole body with what the grovelling man imagined to be sobs of terror at my approaching end. He only moaned the louder.

Having the all-conquering gun in my possession, I then kicked him roughly and desired him to at least pretend to die like a man. At which he bellowed the more, a spectacle of pure and unadulterated terror.

Our approach was immediately perceived by the astonished Princetown authorities, nor, as we skimmed gently down to the ground, were the delighted warders long in recognising the well-known garb of the missing convict.

His expression as he raised his fear-distorted countenance to find his hated captors surrounding him and a broad grin of triumph upon Henry's face was a thing to be seen but not forgotten.

I think it was as well for Henry that I had a firm grip upon the gun, for at that moment, as he felt the warders' grasp upon his arm, and realised the extent to which he had been duped, he must have seen red!

There was quite a substantial reward for Henry for his prompt capture of what proved to be one of the most criminal ruffians of the big prison, and my companion's bravery and courage were highly extolled.

I need hardly add to those who know him that the enthusiastic man spent the whole of that reward upon some new improvement for his beloved "Condor."

MEAN.

"WHEN I was a boy," said the man who was trying to prove that men are more mercenary than women, "I had a little friend named Willie. Willie appeared one day with a fine apple."

"I'll give you this apple," he said to a little girl, "for twenty kisses."

The little girl was amazed. That was not at all like Willie. Nevertheless, she consented.

"Shut your eyes," said Willie. "Sit down here and shut your eyes. And mind, if you open them the bargain is off."

The little girl obeyed, and slowly, very slowly, the kisses began to fall upon her lips. One, two, three, four—a long pause—five, six—another long pause—seven,—pause—eight, nine, ten—intolerable pause.

"Oh, Willie, hurry!"

"I'm not Willie."

The girl opened her eyes in astonishment, and drew back her pretty mouth from the advancing lips of a strange boy, a very common, shabby sort of boy, whom she had never seen before.

"Why, where's Willie?" she cried.

"He's down the street," was the reply, "sellin' yer kisses for two apples apiece. Better shut yer eyes again. The next three boys is terrible ugly."

DONT'S FOR THE AMATEUR GARDENER.

A Few Useful Hints that will Help Your Plants to Thrive.

Don't be a sluggard, but be a slug-hunter if you want to eradicate this pest.

Don't forget the saying that "One year's seeding means seven years' weeding."

Don't neglect to cleanse a plant because there are only a few insects. Do it now.

Don't leave seedlings or any plants too thick; crowding does not allow the subject to develop.

Don't forget that when you open the window or stand a plant in a current of air it dries astonishingly quickly at first.

Don't fail to read the instructions on artificial manures and insecticides carefully. These are often dangerous if not properly applied.

Don't trammel with your feet when using the hoe, and practically roll the ground down immediately after you have loosened it.

Don't sow seeds too deeply. Three times the diameter of the seed is ample depth. Much seed is condemned as bad when the fault lies with the sower.

Don't imagine you can become expert in French intensive gardening without a lot of attention and labour. It wants as much watching as a sick child.

Don't apply liquid manure to any plant when dry at the root. This is often fatal. And don't give liquid stimulants to a weakling. It is only the strong growing plant that can assimilate such food.

Don't use the syringe as if you were cleaning windows. When the syringe is charged, empty it by short, quick strokes. The insecticide goes much farther, and is applied in the form of spray that is more effectual.

Don't use scissors to cut off the bottom of flower stems before placing in water. They always bruise the pores that should be open to allow absorption of water. Use a sharp knife and leave these pores open. Don't use any but quite clear water. Any little particles of matter are drawn up the pores by suction and soon choke them.

Recorded in Rhyme

THE MODERN CHILD.

[Children nowadays object to being scolded by their parents.—Daily Paper.]

I HAVE a son of eight years old
Called Tom—a bonny child;
There's just one weakness Thomas has—
Being scolded drives him wild.
If I should say: "You careless lad!"
He answers fiercely: "Chuck it, dad!"

As children go, I freely own
He is not prone to sin;

He does not try to drown
the cat,
Like little "Johnny
Thin";
He seldom gambols in the
mire,
And never sets the house
on fire.

But still at times, like
other boys,
Some mischief he will
seek,
But even then a word of
blame
I scarcely like to
speak;

For should I say: "Go off to bed,"
He shies the poker at my head.

This weakness is a common one
With modern lads I know.
They say that nowadays it's quite
The natural thing; and so
I shall not scold the lad again—
Instead of that I'll use the cane.



ODE TO THE NORTH POLE.

[A photograph of the North Pole, taken by Commander Peary, has appeared in the illustrated papers.]

ELUSIVE Pole! who, 'mid your ice and snow,
For many years at all our efforts laughed,
You're caught at
length; by
Peary you've
been pho-
tographed!

Even the lucky Polar
Star, which
shone
Above your head,
averted not
your fate;
You're "dished"; in
other words,
he's got you on
A plate.

Of course, the picture may be Yankee bluff,
For when he snapped you there were none to see,
It may be faked; but still it's good enough
For me.

For you a picture frame I mean to buy,
And o'er the mantelpiece I'll nail you fast;
A comfy spot where you'll be warm and dry
At last.



A HUSBAND'S CONFESSIONS.

[In the coming season the barbaric splendour which distinguished the dresses of 1909 will be merged into severe simplicity.—Daily Paper.]

A YEAR ago, when Gwendoline
A call or visit paid,
In splendour quite barbaric she
Was gorgeously arrayed.
Her clothes were so
terrific when
I took her out to dine
That waiters used to
faint away
In nineteen-nine.

But Fashion's voice
has spoken out,
And Gwendoline to-
day
Arrays her peerless
person in
A very different
way;
In clothes like those
approved of by
The famous William
Penn
(The first of Quakers) she is garbed
In nineteen-ten.

'Tis true that Gwendoline is not
So pleasing to the eye,
But then with this consoling thought
Myself I fortify:
When two years hence I square her bills
(My debts I always shelve),
I shan't have half so much to pay
In nineteen-twelve.



Raking the Earth for Stars

By MR. WALTER GIBBONS.

(Mr. Gibbons, who is the youngest of our music-hall managers, is building near Oxford Circus the Palladium, which will be the largest variety theatre in the world.)

I THINK everybody will agree that one of the most marvellous developments of the modern music-hall is the way in which the whole world is scoured by a manager in order to secure novelties for his patrons.

This is even more certainly the case when a manager is, like myself, laying plans for a new music-hall on a big scale, and he is bound to probe in every corner of the world for "turns" that are amusing or strange.

All over Europe, and in certain parts of the rest of the world, there are men who keep in constant touch with every place of amusement in their particular district, and who are also in touch with the managers of the leading theatres in this country. These agents make it their business to discover new and interesting "turns" that they think will be suitable for exportation.

The agent is usually a very clever man, for he has to judge carefully and exactly the different requirements of the various managers with whom he is in correspondence.

My New Arrangements.

However, not even a theatrical agent is infallible, so in making my arrangements for the Palladium I have decided to try a slight variation on the usual system. Instead of depending entirely on these agents, I have sent out to various parts of the world a number of special representatives, men who thoroughly understand my requirements, to see if they can pick up something that may have escaped the keen eye of the agents, and also to go through the agent's stock, so to speak, on the spot.

These are my arrangements as they stand at present, but as soon as business will permit me, I shall try to get away to see if I can myself find anything worth bringing over.

The language difficulty is a rather ticklish business in seeking turns, for it is generally at the back of the world, where some uncouth dialect is spoken, that the much-prized "new thing" is run to earth by the perspiring manager. And although a music-hall manager has to know a good deal, the languages and dialects of Asia and of the whole of Continental Europe are not usually included in his school course.

Some of my experiences of engaging turns in dumb show must have been rather amusing to the onlookers, but I confess that the deadly earnestness of the business in hand has prevented my noticing the humour of it at the time.

It is very seldom that the "turn," whether a man or a

woman, has any objections to coming over to England once the project is thoroughly understood. If there is any difficulty it is generally raised by friends or relatives.

I heard of a rather amusing incident in which the agent was completely checkmated. During a walking holiday amongst the mountains lying between the Lake of Geneva and Chamonix, this agent stopped at a little hamlet to ask for some milk. While he was resting, he discovered that the young girl who served him could "yodel" in a way quite out of the common. To make a long story short, he told her he was a music-hall agent and offered her rather good terms to go and "yodel" in London. She seemed at once delighted and frightened at the idea, so he advised her to tell her people of his offer and promised to return in a day or two for her answer.

Checkmated by a Lover.

When he returned to the hamlet he found that the girl's story of the offer he had made her had not been believed by her friends, but he was soon able to convince them that he meant what he said. Then fresh trouble arose.

The girl's parents were willing enough that she should go to London at what appeared to them a princely salary, but some of the other girls in the village, consumed with jealousy, hurriedly sent for the girl's lover from a neighbouring hamlet. He had heaped scorn on the idea from the first, but now came the girls to tell him that the agent had really come back as he had promised, and to pour into his ears a somewhat garbled version of the agent's offer.

The young man acted with a promptitude that did him credit. He set off at once to rescue his beloved from the clutches of his rival, and summoned four or five others to help him. In a few minutes the agent found himself the centre of an angry mob, and when the offended lover expressed a determination to duck him in a water-trough, he decided to let the young lady waste her "yodel" on the mountain air.

Another, and a more tragic, story came from South America. In a villainous little tavern in the less reputable parts of Rio Janeiro, an agent found one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen, dancing to a little crowd of human scum. He spoke afterwards with something like awe of her beauty and of the grace of her every movement, for she danced with a ferocity and a wild abandon that dazzled the usually phlegmatic agent. He

saw that within his grasp was a star of the very first magnitude.

He soon discovered, after five minutes' talk with her, that nothing would please Lola better than to go to London, and when once the preliminaries were settled, she seemed impatient to start.

The agent himself was so enthusiastic about her prospects that he decided to return himself to England with her, and he booked their passages on the next homeward-bound steamer.

It was fated, however, that London should never see the dazzling Lola. The night before they were to sail the agent was busy packing, when a ragged boy came to his room, thrust a paper into his hand, and disappeared. It was a message from Lola to the effect that a man was looking for her to kill her, and that she was hiding in the tavern where he had first seen her dancing.

The agent hurried there at once, but he was too late. Lola was already dead. She had been stabbed in the back by a half-breed whose brother, twelve months before, in Caracas, she had killed in a fit of tigerish fury.

When one meets one of the real "frontiersmen," so to speak, a man who has been prowling about the backwoods of the amusement world looking for new and striking "turns," he can generally spin you a yarn worth the listening.

THE MOTIVE.

THE prosecutor looked, indeed, a pitiable object as, with his head swathed in bandages, he gave evidence against the man who had knocked him about. When he had finished, the magistrate turned to the prisoner.

"Why did you assault this man?"

"I will tell you how it was," replied the prisoner affably.

"You see, I am a barber."

"Well?"

"And this man sells pianos, and breaks up my trade."

"How's that?"

"He gets people to be musicians, and they leave off getting their hair cut."

Case dismissed.

THE FINALE.

HIS aunt was rich and elderly. She had called unexpectedly while he was out, and his wife was trying to entertain her by such methods as she thought to be best conducive to their future welfare.

The old lady had recently added a gramophone to her establishment, and when she heard that early that morning her loving nephew had made for her a record of her favourite cornet solo she was delighted.

"How nice of him!" she said. "Can I hear it?"

"Well," said her niece, "we haven't tried it yet, but still, I'll put it on."

It was a pronounced success, and the old lady was charmed.

But her feelings changed when, after the solo was finished, the instrument brought out with fatal clearness:

"Phew! If that's not good for an extra hundred in the old girl's will, I'm a Dutchman!"

The Bargain Announcements

made by the principal drapery firms appearing in the London

Daily Express

have a special interest for ladies who appreciate economical buying.

Order it of your newsagent to-day. Price One Halfpenny.

The expenditure of sixpence you never will regret, if you spend it on Charles Garvice's "A Modern Juliet."

Each of these stories relates an adventure of Rachel Ransom, a rich and public-spirited girl, who puts her fortune and her services at the disposal of her country for Secret Service work, and for occasional assistance to Scotland Yard in matters where only a woman of distinction and charm can hope to succeed. In addition to her own fortune she receives a thousand a year for expenses, and is allowed by the Secret Service to use abroad the title of Lady Warrenden, which is her passport to British Embassies.



RACHEL of SCOTLAND YARD

By HOUGHTON TOWNLEY,

Author of "The Splendid Coward," "Paul Pry Up-to-Date," etc., etc.

AN AFFAIR WITH PISTOLS.

"CATCH the next boat Folkestone-Boulogne for Paris. Instructions on board. Travel alone."

Rachel had scarcely recovered from the excitement of the Ludini affair when she received this mysterious telegram from the Foreign Office. There was no time to pack, barely time to rush to the station and catch the express. It was done, however, but when the boat left the harbour no "instructions" were forthcoming, and the steward had no letter or telegram.

The crossing was smooth and pleasant, and the boat was anything but crowded. Rachel paced the deck from end to end, chafing at the uncertainty of things, and looking out to sea with eyes that saw not.

As she stood staring ahead, watching for the first sign of the coast of France, and wondering what her mission could possibly be, and if the instructions would be waiting at Boulogne, a youth of about eighteen, who had twice passed her and stopped, touched her gently on the arm.

"Lady Warrenden?"

"Yes."

He put an envelope into her hand and walked away, muttering "Foreign Office," apparently desirous of escaping observation, for she did not again see him on the boat.

The envelope was stiff, and contained a photograph of a tall, handsome young man in the full dress uniform of the Guards, his plumed helmet on his arm and his frank, boyish eyes smiling good humouredly. Rachel fell in love with him straight away—that is to say, in so far as one can thrash up sentiment for a stranger's photograph.

An Affair of Honour.

The instructions accompanying the picture were on blue Government paper and more startling than explicit.

"Stop duel between Captain the Hon. Harry Boyton, son of Lord B—, and Prince Rutzen, as announced in cutting herewith from the Post of to-day's date."

"AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR."

"Our Paris correspondent wires that a dispute at the Jockey Club last night ended in an affront being put upon Prince Rutzen by Captain the Hon. Harry Boyton, with the result that the Prince's seconds have waited upon the Englishman, and the issue of the affair is shrouded in considerable doubt; but great interest is manifested because it is known in the English Colony that Captain Boyton is reputed the second best swordsman in the British Army, while the qualifications of Prince Rutzen are entirely a matter of speculation. It is rumoured also that the Embassy has intervened without result. It is not regarded as any serious breach of honour or etiquette for an Englishman to refuse a challenge under the circumstances, but it is absolutely certain that the duel will take place at an early date."

The final paragraph in her instructions contained the kernel of it all.

"It is feared that the duel will be made the excuse for a police raid upon the belongings of Captain Boyton—this must on no account take place. You must prevent it. Embassy motor will meet you."

Captain Boyton's belongings must certainly be of considerable interest to others besides the English Foreign Office. Rachel sank into a deck chair and made a closer study of the photograph. For once she forgot her caution, and omitted to notice that she was sitting close beside a girl of about her own age. The girl turned, and, seeing her neighbour examining a photograph, felt a not unnatural feminine curiosity. It was only necessary to glance at the portrait and recognise the man. The girl started perceptibly, and stared at Rachel almost wildly. She had been weeping, for her eyes were red, and she held a handkerchief tightly in one hand. Her face, which had been pale, now flushed crimson, and she addressed Rachel very abruptly.

"Why have you got my brother's photograph?"

The rather excited and somewhat sudden challenge startled "Lady Warrenden," but she instantly recovered herself and stared frigidly.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Awfully sorry if I was rude," replied the girl, hurriedly, "but I couldn't help seeing that you had my brother's photo, and—well it rather startled me."

"Then you are Miss Boyton?" queried Rachel sweetly,

with a quick glance at the tear-stained eyes. "I presume you are going over about—the duel."

"Yes, yes! But who are you? Are you going, too?"

The question was asked eagerly, and apparently Rachel's appearance was sufficiently prepossessing and her manner such as to assure Miss Boyton that her brother's friend was a lady.

"I haven't the advantage of knowing your name," she continued, somewhat lamely, being conscious that her manner had been offensive.

"Lady Warrenden," replied Rachel, feeling a little mean. "I think we are going over on the same mission—to stop this miserable business of the duel, if we can."

"If we can!—we must, we must. I've tried to get into communication with him, but can't. All we can hear is that no one knows where he is. Duels have to be secret, even in Paris. He is keeping away from the police and newspaper men, and letters and telegrams don't reach him."

"We two must join forces. I'm interested in your brother, Miss Boyton, I'm—I'm fond of him! Yet I don't suppose he would even remember my name. It is just a case of—infatuation shall we call it?" Rachel laughed and shrugged awkwardly. "All the same, I'm determined to save him, and I want you to assist."

"Oh yes, yes, tell me what I can do."

"I am in communication with friends in Paris who will lend me a motor and put people at my disposal to help me find out the truth. He must be found and reasoned with. You, as his sister, should do that—I will remain in the background."

"Who is Prince Rutzen?"

"That's splendid! How good of you. I was feeling so wretched and helpless, but you've given me hope."

"Tell me more about your brother—all there is to know. Who is this Prince Rutzen?"

"I never heard of him."

"Do you know anything of your brother's life in Paris—where he lives—how he lives? Does he maintain an establishment, or live at a hotel?"

"No, he has a suite of rooms off the Place Vendome. He is often in Paris. In fact, he never goes anywhere on the Continent without a visit to Paris first. He loves the place, and speaks French like a Parisian. Mother was French—the Countess Buvau, you know."

"Tell me more. By the time we reach Paris I want to know everything. Then I will tell you my plan."

"I will do anything, anything," cried the girl, eagerly, and commenced a long and rather disconnected story of her brother's life.

At the Gare du Nord a motor-car from the Embassy was waiting for Rachel, and she entered it as though it were her own, congratulating herself that, at the outset, she had happened upon the very link needed to connect her up with the entourage of Captain Boyton.

The two girls were instinctively drawn to each other, and their plan of action was already determined upon. Miss Boyton was to put up as Rachel's guest at the Hotel Bristol, and, after arranging about rooms, drive round Paris in the car, calling on every relative and friend who might give her a clue to her brother's whereabouts—even calling at his club.

On the way to the hotel they stopped to buy a newspaper at a kiosk, for the word "Duel" caught their eyes on the contents bills.

The journal announced that there had been a little hitch in the arrangements for the meeting between Prince Rutzen and Captain Boyton, owing to the fact that the young officer, being the challenged party, and given the choice of weapons, had chosen pistols. This was, however, merely rumour. It was quite certain that the duel had not taken place, and the Prince had declared that it certainly would not come off to-morrow—a statement to be received with suspicion, and probably only a ruse to put the police off the scent.

Detectives at Work.

Various places were mentioned as the probable scene of the meeting—the Bois, the racecourse at Longchamps, and a certain school of fencing, the whereabouts of which was not disclosed.

The anxious sister's grief broke out afresh, and Rachel caught a little of the infection of terror. A duel with pistols was no mere formal *affaire d'honneur*.

The ladies installed themselves at the Hotel Bristol, Lady Warrenden engaging a luxurious suite, thereby rather impressing the Hon. Miss Boyton, who had, so far, imagined she was taking the lead while allowing her friend to be graciously interested in handsome brother Harry.

The day was greying when Miss Boyton set out on her round. Soon another motor-car appeared for Rachel, as if by magic, after a conversation on the telephone. She made no attempt to call at the Embassy—the telephone served her purpose better. As "Lady Warrenden" she requested the services of an extra car and three detectives to assist in the search for the missing Captain.

They sent her two very French-looking Englishmen, of the half-bred type which Paris seems to produce purely for the convenience of visitors, and one very English-looking Frenchman, who spoke English badly.

With these official runners at her beck and call Rachel set to work in earnest.

The men were sent in different directions to gather clues and discover the place chosen for the duel; but they were quite unsuccessful.

Miss Boyton was more fortunate. From a friend residing in the Champs Elysées she elicited the vital fact that it was a case of *cherchez la femme*, the lady in the case being none other than Mlle. Dupard, a second-rate but popular actress, whose name the Prince had mentioned slightly. The Captain, being in love with the lady, defended her good name, and a blow was struck in anger, resulting in the challenge. The duel had not yet taken place.

With this much they were obliged to be satisfied for the night.

In the morning the runners were immediately dispatched to discover the whereabouts of the actress, Miss Boyton meanwhile remaining a passive observer of Rachel's business-like conduct of the investigation.

"What a mind you have," she cried, "and to think that you are doing all this just because of a romantic attachment for my brother, to whom you have never spoken."

"M—yes."

Rachel smiled and sent Miss Boyton off again in the motor to continue her search for her brother, but in reality to get rid of her while she waited anxiously for the arrival of the man who had gone to find Mlle. Dupard. At twelve o'clock the English detective arrived with the news that the lady was rehearsing at the Ambigu that very afternoon, and would probably leave the theatre about five o'clock.

Rachel set out immediately for the Ambigu, and her assistants were set to watch for any visitor to the lady. If Captain Boyton should put in an appearance he was to be accosted and informed of the presence of his sister in Paris, but no mention was to be made of anyone else.

Rachel walked up and down in the neighbourhood of the stage-door, determined not to lose sight of the lady even if the Captain did not arrive; but if, on the other hand, he did put in an appearance, she had resolved on a bold plan, nothing less than to accost him and offer her car to convey him to his sister, who was in a state of nervous terror at the Hotel Bristol.

Then, with the assistance of the detectives, she proposed to drive him into the country, where he would be detained, in spite of all protestations, in some out-of-the-way village until after the time appointed for the duel. It was not very easy or very practical, but it was the only plan she could think of at present. It would have to be done on the authority of the British Government, and "hang the consequences."

The actress was the first to appear. She left the theatre hurriedly, and closely veiled. Her identity was indicated to Rachel by a sign from one of her men, and she followed close behind.

The Meal for Two

Mlle. Dupard did not go far. Her destination was a quiet little restaurant in the Rue Verry, where she slipped out of sight so quietly and unobtrusively that Rachel almost missed her. She saw her go upstairs, and promptly followed her into an upper room, which was set out with many little tables ready for the evening meal.

Only three people were there, an old gentleman at the far end, a waiter, and, by the most amazing luck, Captain Boyton himself. He was quietly dressed in a suit of dark clothes, with a very French necktie, and evidently desired to escape notice. He was expecting the lady, and greeted her quietly, though tenderly, and made way for her at his little table with a stealthy glance at the other customers.

The waiter did not bother them. The two sat opposite one another, with their elbows on the table, leaning forward, and talking animatedly in French, but in an undertone.

Rachel had planted herself two tables off, with her back to them, but just near enough to hear a little. Having spent two years of her schoolgirl life in Belgium, she was no stranger to the French language, but she failed to catch more than a few words. Realising that she was wasting time, she turned boldly round to the couple, presenting a worried face and asking in broken French, badly pronounced, if either of them spoke English.

Captain Boyton at once replied in her own tongue.

"Oh, thank you, thank you. It is very kind of you. I can't understand a word, and I really don't know how to order what I want—and I'm so hungry. Would you mind asking the waiter to get me some tea and poached eggs on toast?"

"Delighted to be of service."

"So sorry to trouble you."

"No trouble at all. *Garçon.*"

The order was given, and the waiter rushed downstairs to attend to it. Rachel warmly thanked her compatriot and turned to her table, apparently busying herself in the pages of an illustrated journal.

The couple behind her, now feeling free of eavesdroppers, spoke freely and loudly in the French tongue, and Rachel heard every word.

"You quite understand," the young man was saying. "The fellow maddened me, he's no swordsman, and when I got his challenge I knew they would say that it was an unfair encounter, for I'm as well known as a swordsman in Paris as in London, whereas the Prince is—"
he

shrugged significantly. "That's why I chose pistols, and from what I hear it is very probable he'll cry off altogether."

"But if he shouldn't? Oh, if he shouldn't?"

"Well, then—I may be killed."

"And all for me! Oh, I couldn't bear it. *Mon bon ami*, I couldn't bear it."

"Don't unnerve me, Francine."

"Is there nothing I can do—nothing?"

"Nothing, nothing. A woman mustn't interfere in a thing like this. But there is one thing, *chérie*, I want you to do if the worst comes to the worst—something very important. See here."

There was a rattle of keys as he placed a bunch on the table. Rachel glanced into the wall mirror opposite and saw his detach one.

"This is the key of my flat. Old Perry, my servant, is there on guard with orders not to let a soul pass the door. The police are bound to be on my track now that the story of the challenge has gone abroad, but I daren't risk allowing anyone to enter—except you, Francine."

He lowered his voice a little, but Rachel could still hear.

"I have some documents there which must go to London, which would have been there by this time but for this infernal scoundrel. I got them in Berlin and was going home *vid Paris* to avoid suspicion. They are Government dispatches—I can't explain more. I daren't have them on my person in case anything should happen—and I daren't leave them there for the same reason."

For Love of Him.

"Yes, yes, I understand," cried the woman, eagerly, (Rachel thought a little too eagerly).

"Use that key—but only if I'm killed, or badly wounded—you understand."

"Ah, oui. Where are these papers?"

He entered into a long description of his rooms, and of a certain drawer with a false bottom, underneath which would be found the packet. This, for love of him, she must secrete about her person, or convey to the hands of one of his relatives, who would, in the event of disaster, be certain to come to the French captain.

It was all very gloomy, and Francine Dupard wiped her eyes repeatedly. The whole scene was followed by Rachel in the mirror, which showed also that the lady's grief was not very real.

"Well, there is the key," said the young man, handing it over. "I'm at the old place near the Louvre—until this is over one way or the other."

A look of triumph flashed into the face of the Frenchwoman. Everything she did was out of key. Her grief was too extravagant, her recovery too sudden.

The waiter now appeared with Rachel's order, and the couple behind her dropped their voices lower. Twenty minutes later they exchanged farewells, the lady gesticulating a great deal as she prepared to depart.

"I shall leave in a few minutes," the young man whispered, as he accompanied her to the door, "but if you think you are being watched, don't wait for me."

A German Plot.

Rachel rose quietly and went swiftly down the stairs, overtaking the actress as she hailed a *voiture*. After casting a hurried look back at the door of the restaurant, Mlle. Dupard gave the driver the address of Captain Boyton's chambers.

"She's got his key—she's going for those papers."

Rachel hailed her own car, which was waiting a few doors down, and was at once thrown into a fever of excitement and uncertainty. Should she wait for the Captain or follow the woman on chance?

One of her watchers rushed to open the door of the car, and as she stepped in she whispered hurriedly.

"Captain Boyton is upstairs in that restaurant. Shadow him. Don't let him out of your sight. Telephone me where he lodges to-night."

The man grinned, and at once evinced great interest in the window of the restaurant. Rachel followed the actress.

There was no longer any mystery. The duel was most probably a put-up thing; and this Frenchwoman, instead of being in love with Captain Boyton, was only playing a game. She had been the excuse for the quarrel by Prince Rutzen of the German Embassy, who had obviously become aware of Captain Boyton's secret mission in Berlin and Paris.

"I am Captain Boyton's sister."

The actress descended quickly when she arrived at Boyton's flat, and passed swiftly up the stairs. Rachel was not far behind, creeping with cat-like tread. She heard the key turn quietly in the lock, and saw the traitress enter. The outer door was left open, and the intruder listened before actually disappearing within. She was uncertain whether the place was empty or in the care of the manservant. Apparently the flat was empty, for no sound could be heard. All was deathly silent—no fear of interruption.

Rachel followed boldly, just in time to see a door at the end of the corridor open and the figure of Francine Dupard pass through, her figure clearly outlined against the light of a window. The door half closed behind her, and Rachel moved silently down the corridor.

Another door opened now, and the sleepy manservant, who had been in the kitchen, became suddenly aware that the front door was open. Then he saw Rachel.

"Stand aside," she whispered. "I am Captain Boyton's sister. A strange woman has gone into that room. She has let herself in with my brother's key."

It was the only way to keep him quiet.

The man was so astonished that he stood back and allowed her to go to the door of the sitting-room, where she peered through, watching the thief. She signed to the man to keep still. Mlle. Dupard had gone with unerring instinct to the right drawer, and, after much fumbling, secured the papers.

Making a sign to the soldier valet not to appear, Rachel quietly slipped in after the traitress and closed the door behind her with a slam.

"*Mon Dieu!*"

Mlle. Dupard turned a white, scared face, and stuffed the stolen papers into the bosom of her dress.

Without uttering a word Rachel stepped forward and snatched at them. The Frenchwoman was too startled to make any effort at self-defence. She uttered a little scream and fell back a step, but further retreat was barred by the writing-desk behind her.

"Thief—traitress! How dare you touch my brother's papers?"

"I have his commands. You, his sister? Ah, I recognize you now—you were in the restaurant—*ma foi!* the woman who could not speak French. Bah, you are not his sister!"

Without stopping to argue, Rachel opened the door haughtily and pointed to the corridor where the valet stood in the doorway.

"Conduct this woman to the street, Perry, and be careful that she doesn't steal anything on the way."

The actress, dreading to be recognised, drew her veil more closely about her face, and, with an assumption of outraged innocence, swept out of the flat, closely followed by the old servant to the head of the stairs. The key was left in the outer door. This Rachel confiscated and gave to Perry on his return.

"My brother's key," she said, and calmly left the building, with as much dignity and deliberation as she could command, but tightly hugging her precious bundle of dispatches.

She had scarcely been gone five minutes when two men, who introduced themselves as officers of the French police, appeared at the door of the flat, and forced their way in the moment it was opened. The astonished manservant was ready for anything after this. He weakly succumbed.

Short-lived Elation.

They asked to see Captain Boyton, and on being informed that he was not in Paris, laughed derisively. Perry now endeavoured to bar their path, but he was pushed aside, overpowered, and quickly handcuffed. A whistle brought a third man on the scene.

After assuring themselves that the Captain was really not there, they ransacked the place for an hour or more, and the third man, whose French was very guttural, uttered frequent oaths in the German tongue. At last they retired, evidently disappointed, and left the handcuffs behind them on the wrists of the astonished valet, jeering at him as they went.

"Well, this is a rum go," growled the old fellow, surveying his manacles, "but I ain't going to leave the flat. The Captain said I wasn't to go outside the door, and I ain't, police or no police. This comes of fighting duels."

The evening papers announced that the duel was "off." The Prince had handsomely apologised—to the lady. Consequently, Captain Boyton came to life again in Paris Society, and drove home accompanied by some friends. His elation was short-lived, and his dismay at finding his valet in handcuffs was almost comic.

"What the—"

"Ladies been here, sir—your sister—"

"My sister?"

"And the police, sir—searched everywhere."

The young man dashed to his writing-desk and to the secret drawer. A howl of rage escaped him when he found the dispatches gone.

At this very moment the door bell rang, and Perry admitted another lady, opening the door awkwardly with his handcuffs on.

"I am Captain Boyton's sister."

"What, another?" he gasped, holding up his manacled hands. "Captain, Captain!"

The young man came rushing out of the room.

"It's all right, Harry—it is really your sister this time. I've brought back your dispatches."

"You?"

"Yes. And there is a lady below whom you must thank for getting them back—for saving you."

"Mlle. Dupard?"

"No, that was the person who tried to steal them. She is just a wretched spy. My friend is Lady Warrenden."

"Lady Warrenden?"

He understood the significance of that official name.

"Gee whizz—Scotland Yard! What an ass I've been."

(Next week: "The Condemned Twenty.")

"How long is it going to take to get through this case?" asked the man who was under remand for housebreaking.

"Well," replied the young lawyer thoughtfully, "it'll take me about three weeks to get through with it, but I'm afraid it's going to take you about five years."

"Yes, I went fishing yesterday," began the man who tries to be original. "Luck? Well, a little. I caught two fish. One was three and a half inches long and the other two inches."

But was he believed? No! After he passed on someone commented:

"Bet he didn't get a bite."

MUCH TOO SMART.

WISHING some bushes removed from his garden, a gentleman instructed his gardener to pull them up by the roots. Some time afterwards he went into the garden and found the gardener digging trenches round the bushes.

"Why, George," he said, "you must not dig round those small bushes in that way. I am sure you are strong enough to pull them up by the roots."

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the gardener, "I'm strong enough, but I must dig a little before I can get hold of the roots. If you'd told me to pull them up by the branches I could, of course, easily have removed them without digging."



Queer Medical Experiments are being Made Every Day to Discover Remedies for Little-Known Diseases.

Few people have any idea of the never-ending series of experiments carried out in our hospitals in order to discover the best methods of combating disease and to find out the causes of practically unknown complaints.

Our doctors, young and old, are submitting themselves to different treatment day after day, so that the suffering of humanity may be rendered less acute.

Most people have heard of the deadly caisson disease that carries off many workmen who are engaged in constructing tunnels under rivers or building the piers of a bridge.

A caisson is a cross between a diving-bell and a section of a "tube." When a tunnel is being driven underneath a river the water percolates into the workings, and in order to prevent this the head of the tunnel consists of a caisson.

This is very similar to the railway "tubes" which we all know, but the front of it is divided from the rest by a thick iron air and water tight wall. Air is pumped into this front chamber so that the extra pressure keeps the water out, and in this compressed air the men work.

In Danger of Instant Death.

If the men came from this chamber directly into the ordinary air the difference in the pressure of the atmosphere would cause bubbles of nitrogen gas to form in their veins, and these would be carried to the heart and cause instant death.

In order to prevent this, a second chamber is constructed between the caisson and the open end of the tunnel. When a shift is to be changed the new gang of workmen enter the outside chamber, or air lock as it is called, and the door is closed. Then air is pumped into this gradually, so that the men may become used to the difference.

At length the same pressure is reached as that within the caisson, when the door between the two is opened and the fresh men go into the caisson, while those to be relieved come out into the air lock.

As soon as the door is shut the pressure of air in the lock is reduced gradually. In the caisson itself, the pressure may be as much as thirty pounds to the square inch, just double the ordinary atmospheric pressure. At first the pressure in the air lock is the same, and is then reduced by a few pounds. After a comparatively long wait the pressure is once more reduced, and again there is a wait, until at length the normal atmosphere is reached, the door to the open air is pushed aside, and the men come out.

Fitted Up With a Telephone.

In spite of these precautions it has happened that men have died, and in order to study caisson disease and find out the best methods of reducing pressure in order to prevent fatal results, a perfect caisson has been constructed in the London Hospital. Members of the medical staff immerse themselves in this and make notes of their feelings, while different methods of keeping the air pure are also tried.

A telephone has been fitted up so that the man inside can communicate with his fellows, and an electric lamp gives light. The caisson is entered by means of a manhole which can be made air-tight, and the pressure is increased by a gas-engine working an air pump.

Already valuable results have been obtained, and it is hoped that tunnel workers will soon have less reason to fear entering caissons.

Altogether, it seems that in the future compressed air will be of considerable service to the physician. We all know the use of the bronchitis kettle, and now a German doctor has constructed an apparatus in which compressed air is utilised to vapourise medical substances.

Patients undergoing treatment for their respiratory organs are conducted to special rooms called inhalatoriums. With the exception of the face they are then covered with a waterproof cloak. In the centre of the room is an apparatus which resembles a porcelain bowl in which is the medical preparation. Several little pipes may be seen projecting just above the surface of this.

To Seat Four Patients.

When all is ready compressed air is pumped through some of these pipes, which are so arranged that this force some of the liquid out of the tiny nozzles in the form of vapour. By the peculiar arrangement of the pipes and nozzles the liquid is so completely vapourised that it becomes part of the air, and the patient can breathe it into the remotest corner of the lungs.

At a big London hospital ordinary compressed air alone is now being used for the treatment of certain lung diseases, chiefly bronchitis and asthma.

An air-tight room of iron plates sufficiently large to contain four chairs and a table has been constructed.

Four patients enter by means of an air-tight door, which is closed and air pumped in by means of a steam pump. The pressure is very slowly raised until it amounts to twenty-five pounds to the square inch, about ten pounds above normal. It is kept at this pressure for about an hour, and is then permitted to escape slowly.

Altogether the treatment lasts two hours, and a course consists of about twenty-five, the treatment usually being taken three times a week.



Every Pavement Game has a Season to Itself, and at Present Tops are all the Rage.

THE time of tops is at hand. In the course of the next few days, if not now, for it depends somewhat on the weather, you will find boys spinning their tops for all they are worth in every quiet by-street and on every piece of waste ground.

For top-spinning is the first game of the year to be "in" amongst that large class of urchins whose playground is the pavement.

January is "gameless," or very nearly so, the streets being then usually too cold and cheerless even for the children. But late in February, or very early in March, there are generally some few mild days, a foretaste of the coming Spring; and then, with one consent and as if by order, out come the tops.

By what strange freemasonry of childhood the marvel is accomplished no man can tell, but just as the crocus flowers, so, simultaneously, all over a vast area, beginning with a single day, "tops is in."

Tip-cat Takes the Place of Tops.

Peg-tops come first, and two or three weeks later the whipping-top has a brief but glorious reign. Whipping-tops require so much whipping to keep them going, involving such continuous and violent physical exercise, that they are peculiarly suited to the nipping weather that comes with the east winds of late March and early April.

With the disappearance of April, however, all tops also disappear, and tip-cats take their place. Tip-cat lasts till the end of June, and is played everywhere with a vim and vigour that takes no heed of consequences, a fact to which many an unwary adult pedestrian can testify.

The reason is that the game is one which requires all a

boy's attention, if he aspires to play it even moderately well. For tip-cat is a difficult game to master. So much so indeed that the proper control of the "cat"—which is arrived at by causing it to leap but a little way and then striking without swinging the stick—is seldom achieved by boys until they have grown too old to play tip-cat any longer.

Leapfrog is a summer game, and comes in with the summer solstice, but it attains to its greatest vogue towards the end of September, when it as suddenly ceases. Fly-the-Garter is merely a variant of the same game, and is played at the same time. Overing the Posts, now nearly forgotten, because there are so few posts left, is another brand.

Marbles and Hoops for Winter.

Hopscotch is played in July and August, but especially in August, when every city street and square is chalk-marked with strange diagrams. Of these, the one shaped like a church window, or a long arched door, is the oldest. It can be traced back for over two thousand years. The "whirley," as children call the circular hopscotch diagram, is a comparatively modern innovation.

The first rains of autumn wash the pavements clean of the hopscotch chalk-marks, and at once marbles and hoops make their appearance. Trundling the hoop is, however, a more or less solitary form of sport, and perhaps on that account seems to be losing favour amongst the rising generation.

Marbles, on the other hand, still hold their own, and are frequently played right up till Christmas, or even a little beyond if the weather be at all favourable. The games lack variety, however, compared with those in vogue twenty or thirty years ago, and the very marbles themselves suffer from the same complaint. There are very few alley-tors to be seen in the streets to-day, while the still finer varieties in stone and glass and in coloured and streaky marble are altogether absent.

When the cold weather sets in, as it not infrequently does, early in December, there begins to be played quite a little batch of games involving violent physical exercise. Of these, prisoner's base and hockey seem to be the chief favourites. Also, wherever a load of gravel has been tipped, there will be found a boy on top of it shouting "I'm the King of the Castle," in mock defiance of a crowd

of his playmates, who with furious rushes try their hardest to get at him and drag him down from his pedestal.

Such is the calendar of the pavement, as marked by the games that are played thereon at certain fixed seasons. But besides these there are certain other games that are nearly always "in." They are played practically all the year round, that is to say, subject only to the condition that it does not rain.

Tag is one of these hardy perennials. So, too, are various nondescript ball games, compounded apparently of about equal parts of cricket, football, and rounders. And skipping the rope may also be classed in the same category, beginning as it does with the first bank holiday of the year, and lasting until the winter is well advanced.

Also, from early March till late October, quiet-loving children may be found assembled in little groups on door-steps, playing with five little stones the old, old game of knuckle-bones, a game that under the name of astragals was played by the ancients when the pyramids were young.

FIRST VENERABLE MAN: "I met old Bill James just now, and he had the assurance to tell me that he felt as fresh as a two-year-old."

Second Venerable Man: "Probably he meant a two-year-old egg."

IT SEEMED QUEER.

A POOR woman, who kept a shop in a Northern village, and who was troubled with a husband who could scarcely be considered a credit to the family, one day found herself a widow through the sudden demise of her spouse.

A lady who frequently made small purchases at the shop called to see her and to offer her sympathy, though well knowing that the man's death must in a certain sense come as a relief, as the wife had often suffered from his violence.

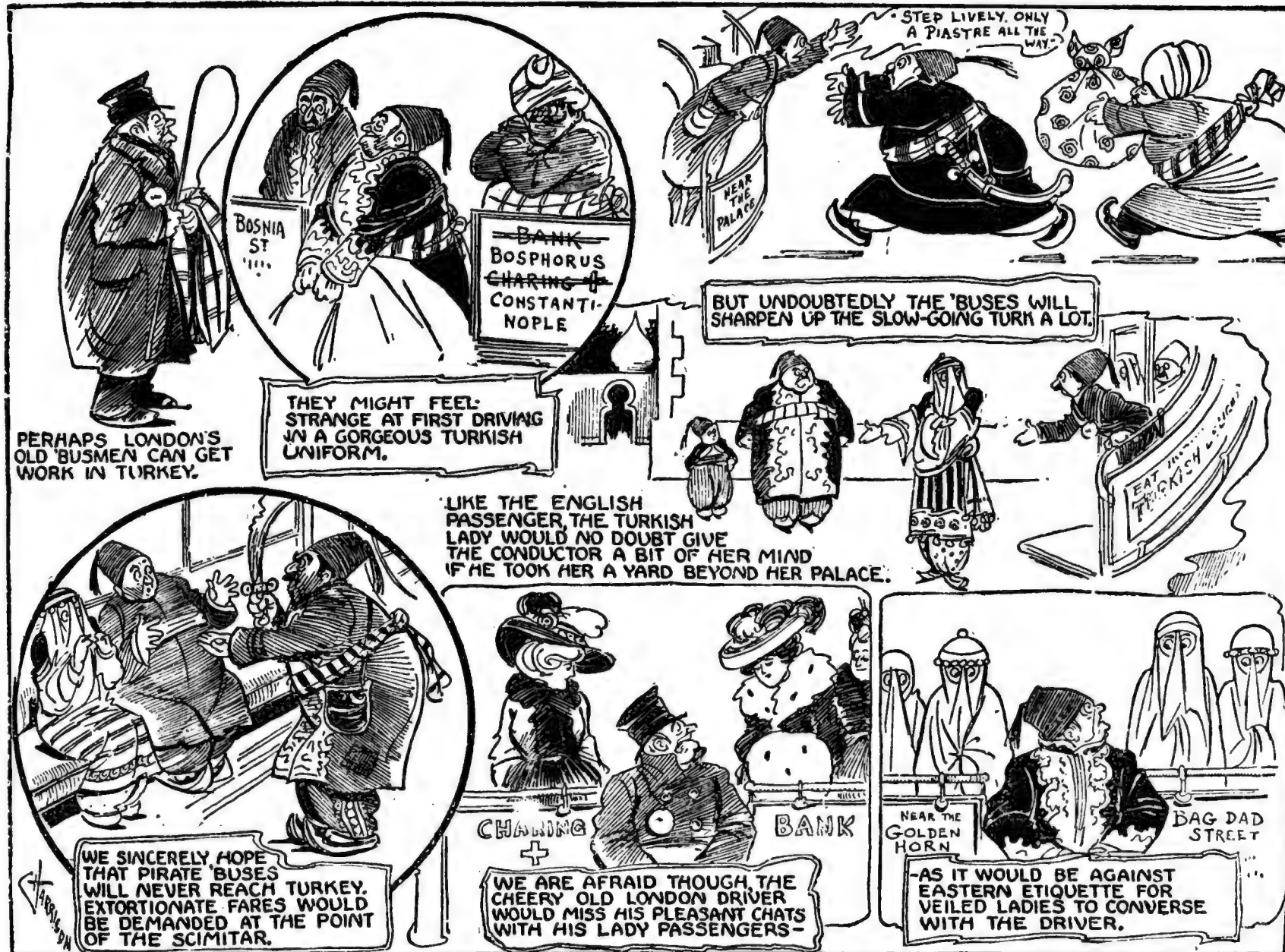
She was not, however, quite prepared for the stoical way in which the widow took her bereavement.

Said the lady: "I am sure, Mrs. Green, you must miss your husband."

"Well, mum, it do seem queer to go into the shop and find something in the till!"

LONDON 'BUSES FOR TURKEY.

A company has been formed for the sole purpose of supplying Turkey with London-built horse-omnibuses, which are to run mainly in the streets of Constantinople. Our artist suggests that our 'bus-drivers might also find situations in Turkey. Below he pictures a few sights that may be seen in Turkey once the vehicles are plying for hire.



ARTHUR APPLIN'S POWERFUL SERIAL.

The Criminal.

CHARACTERS YOU WILL READ ABOUT.

Sir Alfred Gilliat: A clever financier who was murdered in the opening chapters of the story. With the aid of two comrades, Jem McNaughton and Pierre Lawrence, he amassed a huge fortune in the goldfields of North America. He then basely deserted his friends, returned to England, and settled down with their fortunes as well as his own.

Mildred Gilliat is the young, beautiful, and motherless daughter of Sir Alfred, who inherits his vast wealth. She vows to bring her father's assassin or assassins to justice. McNaughton and Lawrence claim her fortune, and Mildred, after convincing herself that the claim is just, hands it over. She shuts up her home, Granady Hall, comes to London, and goes on the stage.

Lily Gervaise: A young widow who knows something of Sir Alfred's past life in the West.

John Hartley: The passionate and mercenary lover of Mildred Gilliat. Sir Alfred refused Hartley his daughter's hand, asserting that he was in love with the widow. That night the baronet was done to death; Hartley discovered the body.

Jem McNaughton and Pierre Lawrence: Sir Alfred's two comrades. They swore he should pay for his treachery with his life, and eventually cracked him down to Granady Hall. They regret their action in obtaining Mildred's fortune, both realising that they love her.

Barbara Adams: A mysterious servant, long and faithful in the service of the dead man.

The last few chapters tell how McNaughton and Lawrence force Hartley to strike a bargain with them. The three men are to cut a pack of cards; if Hartley wins, the partners promise to restore half Mildred's fortune and leave England. If, on the other hand, either of the partners is successful, Hartley is to renounce his right to marry Mildred in favour of the winner.

McNaughton, cutting an ace, wins, and Hartley, mad with rage, casts aside his promise and goes straight to Mildred's lodgings. He finds Lily Gervaise there, and, when she goes, he astounds his sweetheart by telling her that he has found Sir Alfred's murderer—it is Jem McNaughton—and promises to bring him to justice that night.

He also tells this to Lily Gervaise, who waits for him outside. The widow is speechless with amazement. Recovering herself, however, she hails a cab and hurries to Hilton's Hotel to persuade the two comrades to leave London for a short time. McNaughton and Lawrence, convinced that she has some strong object in view, accede to her wish, and leave hurriedly in a motor-car. They are pursued and overtaken by two detectives from Scotland Yard, who hold a warrant for McNaughton's arrest. They take McNaughton to Bow Street, and Lawrence returns to Hilton's Hotel. Once there, he sends for Lily Gervaise, tells her what has happened, and asks her to save Jem. The widow confesses that she can, only she daren't, for she loves Hartley.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR. "Which Will You Sacrifice?"

THE real significance of Lily Gervaise's confession did not strike Pierre Lawrence at once. If a man had made the same confession about a woman he would have understood quickly enough and have known how to act, and have acted without a moment's hesitation.

But women were curious creatures—according to Pierre Lawrence—and even this woman—she whom they had called "little mother"; she who had roughed it with them in the wild lands; she who had mended their clothes, cooked their meals, stood shoulder to shoulder with them fighting, suffering, working, even playing a man's part for the sake of her boys. Nevertheless, she, too, was a woman, with a woman's strange heart and a woman's queer brain.

To be loved, certainly, and to be respected, but scarcely to be trusted save by the man who chose her as his mate—according to Pierre Lawrence.

He walked up and down the sitting-room now, gradually allowing the significance of all she had said to soak into his brain. No word had been spoken between them for some ten or fifteen minutes. Mrs. Gervaise sat before the table, her face buried in her hands; Pierre Lawrence walked to and fro, taking long, nervous steps, the inevitable black cigar protruding between his lips.

He smoked rapidly, almost viciously, puffing large clouds of smoke ceaselessly between his lips. He stooped slightly as he walked, his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes on the ground, but ever and again he pulled himself together with a sharp movement, straightened himself, throwing back his head as if preparing to face an enemy and give battle.

At last he paused in his walk and stood on the other side of the table facing Mrs. Gervaise. "Say, Lil, I wonder if you rightly know the meaning of what you've just said?"

She did not move her position; he could not see her face, but from her attitude she looked crushed, broken, as if all the fight had gone out of her. And he heard her laugh—a cold, cruel little laugh.

"Do I realise the meaning of what I've said? Haven't I been saying it to myself for days, for weeks, for months? . . . Oh, if you only knew the torment in which I've lived!"

He looked at her fixedly, the little dark head bowed between the little white hands, the crumpled dress, the whole body expressing utter weariness, almost defeat.

"Poor little Lil," he said under his breath, so softly she could not have heard. Then his face hardened and his voice. "All the same, I'll repeat what you said, in my own words, so that there shall be no mistake. You love this murderer Hartley?"

She stretched out her hands with a pathetic gesture as if to stop him. "Hush, don't say that! I—I may have made a mistake! And, remember, I'm a jealous woman, Pierre. I was good to you boys in the past; you've often said that I saved your lives. Well, Pierre, you must be good to me now. I don't plead for my life—that doesn't matter much to me—but I do plead for John Hartley's."

Again there was silence; only the roar of life in the streets outside. Laughter and tears, comedy and tragedy, life and death—all mixed pell-mell together.

"What about Jem McNaughton's life?"

Lily Gervaise did not reply, her head sank lower towards the table, the fingers of her white hands worked convulsively.

"What about Jem McNaughton?" he thundered. "One of your boys, my partner, him as stood by us through thick and thin all these years. Jem's innocent, we know that."

"You know it," Lily Gervaise interrupted quickly, with a catch in her breath. "I know—nothing."

"Don't let me forget that you're a woman, Lil," Pierre said between his teeth, while his eyes gleamed dangerously. "If we'd killed Gilliat we shouldn't have been ashamed to own up." He glanced at his watch. "There isn't any time to waste talking; we've got to get to business."

He pulled a chair forward and sat down beside her. "Now, what are you going to do?"

Mrs. Gervaise looked at him then; she was forced to against her will. She felt Pierre's keen eyes burning her, burning through the screen of flesh right into her very soul.

"I'm going to do nothing," she said slowly as if each word were forced from her lips. "What can I do? I say that I know Hartley killed Alf. Well, I do know in my heart, but my word alone wouldn't be sufficient proof. At any rate, I won't speak. . . . Oh, Pierre, I can't speak! You don't know what it is to love."

He threw his cigar away and leaned across the table close to her, his eyes burning more brightly and fiercely. "I know what it is to hate, Lil. Ah, and you know, too! It's as good as love, is hate; and it lasts longer, and it's sweeter, too. Believe me, I know. You're not the kind that could be satisfied with half measures; Hartley don't care a snap of his fingers for you. It's Mildred he wants—not that he loves her; he don't know what love means—but he wants her in his own way, and he thinks when McNaughton's hanging at the end of a bit of rope he'll get her money."

Lily Gervaise took a deep breath. "That's what I believe," she whispered. "He doesn't love Mildred; only her money."

Pierre muttered under his breath. Women were the very dickens, he told himself again. Love! What was it? When once women loved they were like creatures obsessed; lunatics and madmen were easier to deal with.

"He loves her in his own way," he continued craftily. "A cold, fish-like way that wouldn't suit you, my girl. Suppose you forced him to marry you by convincing him you could get him hanged if he didn't, what sort of life would you live together, do you think? Love? He wouldn't look at you. Passion—he don't know the meaning of the word. Your life would be like a perpetual journey to the North Pole—with a nasty soft thaw following in your wake."

His voice softened a little, grew almost tender. "And then think of Jem, your boy. I know he was always dearer to you than I was, Lil. Say! I used to be jealous sometimes. Which is the better man, do you think, Hartley or McNaughton?"

Lily Gervaise half started from the chair and beat her hands on the table. "Stop, stop, for Heaven's sake; I can't bear any more, Pierre!" She rose and staggered towards the door as if to go. But Pierre Lawrence seized her and dragged her back.

"You don't leave here until I know which side you're on, whether you're for us or against us. You hold the lives of these men in your hands. Which one are you going to sacrifice?"

She writhed in his grasp, moaning piteously, but made no reply.

"Which is it to be?" he demanded again. "Oh, you needn't be afraid that Jem'll squeal if you let him hang! I guess we'll both understand, Lil, old girl. . . . A woman must fight for the man she loves, only it's jolly hard to realise that you love that brute Hartley; equally hard to realise that he is a man. Don't forget that if you fight for him, I'll fight for Jem, and by gum it'll be a fight to the death, Lil. We shan't spare you—and we shan't expect you to spare us!"

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE. The Maid's Admission.

"Why don't you kill me?" Lily Gervaise cried. "If you'd only shoot me now or stick a knife into me as I deserve! But you speak as straight and as kind as you did in the old days."

With a great effort she wrenched herself free and backed towards the door.

"Yes, straight and kind, that's what you always were, you boys; now I've gone back on all that, the dear old days and our life. I'm going to turn you down, Pierre Lawrence and Jem McNaughton; I'm going to play the part woman has always played since Eve and Delilah and Jezebel and the rest of them started their pranks. . . . You want to

(Continued on next page.)

DYSPEPTICS

AND ALL WHO SUFFER
FROM DISORDER OF THE

STOMACH AND LIVER!

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know what I'm going to do—well, I can't tell you, because I don't know; what woman does? Maybe, I shall marry Hartley in spite of Mildred Gilliat; maybe, I shall kill him. I don't think I can ever give him up. That's all. . . . Good-bye!"

Pierre's head was bowed on his breast, his arms were held tightly together across his chest.

"One moment," He strode towards her and held out his hand. "Shake, Lil, before you go."

She looked at him amazed. Her cheeks grew scarlet, then suddenly white as death. She put both her hands before her face and turned and fled.

Pierre Lawrence looked after her in silence for a long time, then he closed the door, and, going into his bedroom, washed and dressed.

A messenger came to him from his solicitors telling him they would see him directly he cared to call. He tossed the message contemptuously into the fire, and, taking a cab, drove to the police-station.

Jem McNaughton would probably appear before the judge—as Pierre insisted on calling the magistrate—that morning. The inspector had told him early in the morning that of course he could apply to be let out on bail, though the odds against the application being granted were rather long. Lawrence wanted the solicitor to come down and take the business off his hands and go through the usual formalities. "So jolly slack!" he growled. "I guess I'll do it myself. But I can talk to the judge as well as any man who's hired to do it."

So he entered the court hopefully, a big wad of banknotes in one hand and a cheque-book in the other.

But Jem McNaughton appeared, only to be remanded. Application for bail was made, and Lawrence came forward with cheque book and his big wad of notes ready to plank down any amount that was asked in order to set his partner at liberty.

But bail was refused, and nothing Pierre Lawrence could say affected the magistrate's decision in the least. Of course, in the eyes of the law Jem McNaughton was still an innocent man, and Lawrence was able to see him for a few minutes. McNaughton was in the best of spirits.

"Say, this isn't half a bad sort of hotel, Pierre; only trouble seems to be lest I'm not comfortable and make complaints. Feeling a bit hungry, I sent out for breakfast, and it might have come in from the Ritz. But you look down in the mouth, Pierre. What is it?"

Pierre shrugged his shoulders and looked at the barren, cheerless surroundings. "Jealous, perhaps, Jem; ought to be alongside of you, and if it wasn't for the fact that I should be spoiling your chances of getting off, I should be, too."

He only spoke to gain time; he was not sure whether Jem really realised his position. In the past there had been no secrets between them—every doubt, every fear, every danger had been shared. For the first time Pierre Lawrence hesitated to tell his partner everything that had occurred during the morning; but not for long.

"Got a nasty bit of news for you; better know it at once," he blurted out; "so brace up, pard, and listen."

Jem McNaughton listened in silence; the expression on his face never altered, his eyes continued to regard Lawrence cheerfully, optimistically. When he had finished Pierre drew a long breath and waited for Jem to speak.

"That's the worst of women," he blurted apologetically, afraid of the silence. "One never knows when they won't fall in love and get crazed; can't trust 'em; yet I'd have banked on Lil; will do so again when she's sane. But women—" He gazed at the ceiling and shook his fist at the imaginary host of women whom Lil Gervaise had conjured to life an hour previously.

"Guess we're crazed, too, partner, 'cause we're in love!" McNaughton replied easily. "After all, we pretty well guessed this some time ago, didn't we? Nothing to get excited about, anyway."

"Do you want to dangle at the end of six feet of rotten English rope?" Pierre hissed. "What about Mildred?"

McNaughton held up his hand. "Leave her out of it for the moment, old man. I must think this out. You see, all we need think about is her happiness."

A wonderful smile illuminated Jem McNaughton's features; his powerful jaws, like those of a pugilist, protruded; the nostrils of his nose dilated, his eyes were half closed, and though he stared straight ahead of him, he did not see the whitewashed walls or the stone floor or the lofty ceiling. They were the eyes of a dreamer now; the eyes of a man who loved, who loved something or someone better than his own life, better than his own soul. Pierre Lawrence, gazing at him, realised something of this; and the words that came to his lips died there unsaid.

Jem McNaughton was the bigger man, and he knew it. "Yes," the latter continued, as if speaking to himself, unconscious for the moment of his surroundings—"yes, there isn't any need to think of anyone but Mildred—Mildred and our little mother, Lil. You're all right, Pierre, my boy, they won't touch you."

Pierre snorted but still held his tongue. The snort meant that he would stand side by side with Jem whatever happened, and if McNaughton had heard he would have understood. "If Mildred really loves this chap Hartley, she must have him, Pierre. After all, it don't matter whether he's worthy or not, that's the fine thing about women; crazed they may be, but I like 'em so. They don't love a chap 'cause he's good or beautiful or strong, they love him just because some angel in Heaven must have whispered he's their man. And perhaps just because he's weak and sinful-like, he wants a great, big-souled woman to take care of him and love him, and give all to him and forgive all. So if Hartley's Mildred's man, he's got to have her, though it means the breaking of this rotten neck of mine. You grasp that, don't you, Pierre?"

Again Pierre Lawrence snorted. This time the snort had a different meaning to it.

"Then there's Lil," Jem continued. "We owe Lil our lives a dozen times over, I guess." He frowned then, and a puzzled expression crept into his face. "Tough problem, ain't it?" he murmured. "Two women and one man. What a lot of love these rotters do get. But that ain't our business. I guess the Almighty knows better than we do. Pierre, we'd better leave those two women to fight it out between themselves."

Dreams fled from his eyes; he came down from his air castle to earth, or rather to the cold, commonplace, official little police-court. He laid a heavy hand on Pierre's shoulder, and his grip was such that even the strong, wiry form shook beneath it.

"This is my game, Lawrence; and it's got to be played my way."

"Yep," Lawrence replied doubtfully.

"They let me wire to those solicitors to come down, but I guess they don't breakfast until mid-day. Now I'll give them instructions as soon as they awake; you've got to do nothing, say nothing, not until I've given you orders. There's only one thing you can do, and that's to try and get Miss Gilliat here to see me. It's a powerful lot to ask a girl, and I guess she'll refuse. But I must see her, I must look into her eyes. I shall know the truth then for sure, and when I know the truth I shall know what to do."

"You'll let yourself hang for another man's crime?"

"I said I should know what to do," McNaughton replied quietly. "And you won't interfere; you can't; you've got to play the game. . . . So long, old man; they're waiting to throw you out."

"You're asking me to do the impossible," Pierre muttered huskily as he turned away.

"No, I'm not, and even if I were you'd do it, just 'cause we're pals, and because of the oath we swore. Alf broke it, but you won't."

They were hurrying Lawrence away, but he turned and looked at Jem McNaughton though a mist had suddenly sprung up between them. "I'll bring Mildred Gilliat here to-morrow, if I have to knock down her front door and take her by force."

Then he turned away and stumbled out, out into the courtyard, down the narrow street into the sunshine of Piccadilly, where a lazy crowd sauntered to and fro, and wealth and poverty rubbed shoulders, tears and laughter running like little unseen rivers through the gutters.

Calling a taxi-cab, he drove to Mildred's lodgings. She was not at home. He grumbled, and was turning away when he remembered her maid.

"Yes, she's in," the servant replied. "Mrs. Adams?"

Pierre nodded; he had forgotten her name; now he remembered, Barbara Adams. A typical English servant he had always thought her, silent and taciturn, faithful to those she served; a hard nut to crack.

He asked to see her, and was shown into the sitting-room; he fell to wondering why Barbara Adams continued to follow her mistress' fortunes when that mistress was turned practically adrift and alone in the world with scarcely a penny to her name. Even faithful servants can seldom afford to be as faithful as that.

His brain working quickly now conceived the idea that Barbara Adams might be worth cultivating.

She entered the room with downcast eyes, moving noiselessly. She was dressed in sober black; her grey, lined face looked forbidding; her neatly-plaited silvery hair seemed eminently respectable.

"I called to see your mistress on some important business; unfortunately she's out. Can you tell me where I can find her?"

"She's at the theatre rehearsing," Mrs. Adams replied sourly. It was obvious that she disapproved of the theatre and her mistress' new profession.

"Oh, the Pall Mall Theatre, isn't it? I can find her there?"

Barbara Adams did not reply; yet there was that in her silence which suggested Pierre's call might be made in vain. He waited a few moments looking steadily at the old woman; he began to feel those grey hairs covered, if not a multitude of sins, a multitude of thoughts and secrets.

"I suppose you've heard that Mr. McNaughton has been arrested on the charge of having murdered Sir Alfred Gilliat?"

"The newspapers said this morning that there was a warrant out for his arrest."

"Well, he's been arrested, and in a month or two he'll be hanged unless someone can prove his innocence. And he is innocent, Mrs. Adams."

"I hope so, I'm sure."

Lawrence fired a chance shot. "Don't you know it?"

She raised her eyes then for an instant only, dropping them quickly. "How should I know?"

"You were in the house on the night of the murder. It's just possible you might have heard something, seen something."

Barbara Adams was silent; presently she moved towards the door. "I'm busy just now if you'll excuse me, sir."

"You did see something, you did hear something!"

Pierre insisted. "This man, Jem McNaughton, loves your mistress; he's a straight man. Won't you save his life?"

She turned swiftly as she reached the door and again raised her eyes. "He robbed my mistress," she hissed under her breath—"robbed her of everything. Why should I save his life or yours?"

"Then you can save him?" he cried triumphantly, taking a step towards her.

In an instant she had disappeared; he searched the hall; it was empty. But he had gained a point; he had found a clue, one worth following up. Yet he knew Barbara Adams would require delicate handling, so, without trying to find her, he left the lodging and drove to the stage door of the Pall Mall Theatre.

"Rehearsal over yet?" he asked the doorkeeper.

The man shook his head.

"I want to see Miss Gilliat. I'll wait until she comes out."

And, lighting one of his black cigars, he commenced to walk up and down outside the stage-door.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX.

A Message from Jem.

PRESENTLY a man round of face and of body, slightly bald, and dressed in a rather loud check suit, pushed his way through the stage-door, took a deep breath of the fresh air, heaved a profound sigh, then lit a cigarette.

"Glorious day, sir, glorious day!" he muttered as Pierre Lawrence passed him.

Pierre Lawrence stopped, took the cigar from his mouth, looked at the comedian—for as such he was half-marked—and nodded his head.

"Yep; nothing wrong with the weather. Been lucky lately, though most of the time I've been in this old country. I've had nothing but samples, and what samples. Gee! The comedian rubbed his fat hands together. "Don't you say anything against our climate, sir. Our climate or the lack of it laid the foundations of England's strength. As Shakespeare said—"

"Can you tell me how long before this rehearsal business will be over?" Pierre interrupted.

The rotund gentleman pursed up his mouth, lifted his eye-brows, and shook his head. "May be over in five minutes, may not be over for five hours. Never can tell in this business. You see, we silly actors do this for love; we don't get paid a ha'penny for coming here every and all day long and rehearsing. Chaps who haul scenery about and make holes in it, they get paid, sir. But we—we're only artists. He grunted and blew a cloud of smoke fiercely between his lips. "I take it you're waiting for a friend? He might have time to slip out and see you. If you'll give me his name, I'll tell him."

Pierre grinned. "It's not a he; it's a her!" he called carelessly. "I guess I can wait. I'm a what you call an artist just now; I'm working for love, not for money."

"Ah!" the comedian drew a deep breath and seemed to swell visibly. "And what might your business be? Judging from your hands, shall I say a sculptor, sir?"

"You ought to have looked at my feet," Lawrence replied laconically; "then you'd have guessed I was playing the part of private detective."

The comedian started, grunted, and turning on his heel, made a hasty exit to the stage-door. As he did so Lawrence was conscious that a third person had arrived on the scene. The stage-door stood in a side street that ended in a blind alley, and so as a rule it was practically deserted save by the slaves of Thespis. He turned to look at the new-comer and found himself facing John Hartley.

Now, Nature had taught Pierre Lawrence to always have respect, and even a sneaking sympathy for his opponent. For Hartley as a man he had no respect, but just because he was fighting him, because the prize was so big and the fight so keen, he felt a sort of healthy interest in Hartley, which, if he had been a different sort of man, might have grown into admiration.

Hartley stared at him coldly with undisguised contempt and hatred in his eyes; but Lawrence nodded, and a slightly humorous smile parted his lips.

"Here we are again, as the clowns say over here in your pantomime. Well, it's going to be a pretty little fight, Mr. Hartley. Wish you'd played the game from the start, though. My pal McNaughton won Miss Gilliat right enough, and by all the rules of the game you ought to have given her up."

He took a cigar-case from his pocket and held it towards Hartley. The latter stared at it blankly. Lawrence threw the end he was smoking away and lit another. "Still, I admit it was smart work," he continued, "the way you hid the information and got the police on our track. We led them a jolly little chase, though. You've got fine motor roads over here."

Hartley made no reply; he still stared at Lawrence as if he had never seen him in his life before.

"Well, what's the next move to be?" the latter continued imperturbably.

Then Hartley found his voice. "The trial, the verdict of 'Guilty,' the hangman's rope. You'll disgorge the money you unlawfully took from Miss Gilliat and be lucky if you escape penal servitude."

A man was standing on the pavement of the opposite side of the street looking at Lawrence and Hartley, listening to their conversation. Lawrence had not seen him come, had not been aware of his presence. It almost seemed as if he sprang up through a trap door in the ground. But a glance sufficed to warn him that the man came from Scotland Yard. But his presence in no way dismayed him; strangely enough, he felt rather cheered by it.

"Never count your chickens before they're hatched or ring the wedding-bells until the register's signed," he grinned. "If Jem McNaughton swings for the crime he never committed, what do you think will happen to you, eh? You've a lot of store by human life in this country; we don't count West."

Hartley turned colour; he moved as if to walk away, but altered his mind. "May I ask what you're doing here?"

"Cer-tain-ly!" Pierre drawled. "Waiting for Miss Gilliat."

"Then you'll wait in vain. I'm here for protection. Miss Gilliat, so you'd better clear out!"

Even as he spoke Mildred appeared at the stage-door, evidently she was unconscious of the presence of the two men, for stepping off the pavement, she commenced to walk down the street. But as she passed them she raised her head. She saw Hartley, and hesitated; then she saw Pierre Lawrence and stood still, looking from one to the other as if uncertain how to act. Neither of the men moved, but waited for the other.

Presently Pierre Lawrence took off his hat, and a couple of steps brought him to her side; instead of looking at her he glanced over her shoulder and saw the man on the opposite pavement standing quite still watching them.

"Can you spare me five minutes, Miss Gilliat?" he said quietly.

In an instant Hartley stood on her left and took her arm. "Come," he whispered, with some show of dignity. "I'll get a taxi at the corner and drive you home. You needn't be afraid of this man; if he doesn't clear off, I'll call the police."

But Mildred did not move. She allowed Hartley to take her arm, she even clung to him, but her eyes were fixed on Pierre Lawrence. "What can you have to say to me now?" she whispered unsteadily.

"I have a message from Jem McNaughton."

"Mildred—come!" Hartley said fiercely.

A message from Jem McNaughton? She repeated the words under her breath. Pierre Lawrence did not take his eyes off her now for an instant; and there was that in his gaze which seemed to fascinate her. Hartley tried to pull her away.

"Wait!" she said imperiously.
"Not for that man," Lawrence replied.
Still Mildred hesitated; she was torn with conflicting emotions. Lawrence saw love and hate in her eyes, and the blood leapt in his veins and ran hot and free as in the old days. He had hunted and been hunted. He knew the victory was not with Hartley—yet; he knew that his partner, Jem, had not loved in vain.

All of a sudden a queer revulsion of feeling swept over him. Long ago he had realised Mildred's strength of character, for only a strong woman could have adopted the course she had pursued when her home and fortune were at stake, and for honour's sake refusing to fight, handed everything up to those she believed to be lawfully entitled to it.

Looking at her now, he realised it would be the same for the man who loved her; to the strong man she would give herself, handing over her youth, her womanhood, and, eventually, her love. A lawful prize for any man who had the strength to risk everything for her sake and knew how to love, how to win a woman.

John Hartley was a weakling; he knew it. And he believed Mildred Gilliat knew it. Jem McNaughton was in prison; he might never come out again, so the road was clear for Pierre Lawrence. If he chose, he could win her for himself. He did not reason this out, but instinct told him—instinct surer than any reason; the instinct of the wild animal and of a man who has lived in the wild.

"You have a message? Give it to me."
He started, blinked his eyes, and awoke from his dream.
"Alone!"

He looked deep into her eyes. She tried to resist the spell he cast over her, but in vain. Lawrence gave a short, triumphant laugh.

She turned to Hartley. "John, leave me for ten minutes."

"No, I refuse! Not with that man."
"We'll go over to the Carlton Grill room for ten minutes, if you have no objection?" Lawrence said quietly. "Mr. Hartley can call for you there. One can't talk in the street."

She did not hesitate now, but turned to her lover, whispered something to him; and then the three walked across the Haymarket to the entrance of the Carlton. "In ten minutes," she said; and Hartley was dismissed.

He walked away scowling. And as Pierre Lawrence stood aside to allow Mildred to pass down the steps to the grill room, he again caught sight of the man who had been watching them at the back of the Pall Mall Theatre.

He ordered luncheon, though Mildred said she could not eat. "You've got to keep your strength up, you know," he smiled, as if he were speaking to a child. "I know you're having a very bad time of it just now, and believe me, no one is sorrier for you than I am. It's a good thing you have some work to do; the finest tonic in the world, work."

"That isn't your message," she said.
"My message is from Jem McNaughton." He saw two spots of colour stain her pale cheeks. "He slept last night—or what was left of it after the pretty little motor trip we took—in a prison cell. You know all about that. He's arrested for the murder of your father. The trial will take place shortly, and the odds are he will be found guilty. But he's innocent."

"Then he'll be able to prove his innocence."
Pierre Lawrence had thought his task an easy one; it did not seem so easy now. Temptation which had come to him so suddenly returned. It would be easy to incriminate both Hartley and McNaughton; probably in a sense, they were both guilty—so was he for the matter of that. But luck favoured him, and he was a free man. He knew the thoughts which flooded his being were contemptible, loathsome. But thoughts were not always to be controlled, not even by the strongest of men; only their actions and perhaps their speech.

He glanced at his watch: five minutes of the ten had already elapsed. Mildred was playing with the wing of a chicken. He poured her out a glass of burgundy.

"Try to eat and drink," he said gently: "it's so necessary to keep up your strength. Believe me, I know."

She looked at him with a little puzzled frown. "Why should you care?" she asked quietly.

"Because I love you!" he replied simply. The word escaped him before he could stop it, so quickly are thoughts translated.

She dropped her knife and fork and stared at him; her cheeks were now as white as the table-cloth.

"You're unnecessarily brutal," was all she said.

"The truth isn't always kind," he admitted, "but it pays in the end. And we ain't so scared of it on the other side of the herring-pond as you are here. I didn't mean to tell you I loved you, but why shouldn't you know? You're up against a stiff proposition, Miss Gilliat, and I want you to know all the truth. It may hurt now, but it'll help in the end. We three men love you, each in our different way. Funny, ain't it? We cut the cards for you. That hurts, too, I suppose? McNaughton won, but Mr. Hartley couldn't play the game."

"You're wasting your time," Mildred said unsteadily. "You lured me here under pretence of giving me a message. What is it?"

Pierre Lawrence passed his hand across his eyes; he was silent for a few seconds. "My pard loves you; he's in prison; he may never come out. He wants to see you. Will you go to him to-morrow?"

"What will be the good?"

"He meant no harm to your father, though your father had wronged him cruelly. Maybe, he wants to get straight with you—to say 'Good-bye.' It ain't no good my telling you he's innocent, but you do know he loves you. Love's a terrible thing when it gets hold of a man like Jem. Won't you see him? . . . It isn't asking much. It can do you no harm, and if you refuse you may regret it to your dying day." He leaned towards her. "I'm pleading for him, not for myself; and I'm pleading for you, too, Miss Gilliat."

Suddenly her strength deserted her; she buried her face in her hands. He saw her whole body tremble with suppressed emotion. Then, across the restaurant, he saw John Hartley slowly approaching. Pierre stretched out his hand and touched Mildred.

(Another long instalment next week.)

A MIRACLE-WORKING RECIPE.

HOW TO NURSE POOR-LOOKING HAIR BACK TO HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Three Splendid Toilet Accessories for Weak and Falling Hair that you may try **FREE OF EXPENSE.**

Your hair won't get better as, say, a cold does, of its own accord.

It needs immediate and skilful attention.

In other words, it requires "Harlene Hair-Drill."

In over a million homes now you will find men and women making "Harlene Hair-Drill" an important feature of the morning toilet, and thousands whose hair has been gradually growing thinner, or weaker, or more brittle, or losing colour, or suffering from any of the many disorders to which human hair is heir, are to-day returning thanks to the discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill" for the restoration of their hair to health and vigour and a beautiful appearance once more.

To-day, Mr. Edwards, the famous royal hair specialist, to whose patience, experience, and ingenuity the world owes the discovery of this wonderful system of hair hygiene, is still patriotically distributing free trial packages of "Harlene" and the other accessories of "Hair-Drill" among the men and women of this country.

"English men and English women," says Mr. Edwards, "were centuries ago world famous for the beauty and luxuriance of their hair, but they have fallen from their former high estate, and to-day it is the people of the Continent whose hair is the envy of the world. But," added Mr. Edwards, with a smile, "we are gradually



Read this article and you will see and understand why you should never attempt to dress your hair by dipping your hair brush in water—especially tap water—as it contains mineral and other matters and solutions which destroy the hair. Further, you can read here how you can obtain a package containing everything you will require to carry out a week's test as a method of taking care of the hair which to-day is used by almost a million persons.

changing all that. It has been the chief object of my busy life to educate and instruct the men and women of this country in the care and culture of their hair.

"In the first place, the hair must be literally 'drilled' every day, just as the raw recruit has to be drilled on the parade-ground before he can hope to develop into a full-blown Tommy Atkins.

"But in the case of 'Harlene Hair-Drill' only a few minutes are necessary each day if my instructions are conscientiously carried out. By means of the 'Harlene Hair-Drill' new hair will grow in a thick and vigorous growth upon all bald or sparsely-covered places, whilst that continual 'falling-out' of the hair will soon entirely cease.

"In the second place, both the hair and the scalp must be thoroughly cleansed and shampooed once a week with a shampoo powder specially prepared for that purpose—one that contains no ingredients that will injure the stamina of the hair itself or injuriously affect the general health of the person who uses it. Such a preparation I have discovered in 'Cremex,' which is at once cleansing, refreshing, stimulating, and invigorating to the scalp and the hair. This shampoo-powder is especially destructive to the accumulation of dust, dandruff, and to the formation of 'scales,' and is especially suitable for the use of women and children."

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

Now, in order that every reader of *Pearson's Weekly* may test "Harlene Hair-Drill" without expense, this famous hair specialist—whose preparations for the scalp and hair are in the highest favour at all the leading Courts of Europe—is now making the following remarkable triple offer. To every applicant who encloses three penny stamps to cover cost of postage, Mr. Edwards will at once dispatch 1. A large-sized trial bottle of Edwards' Harlene for-the-Hair, each bottle containing a sufficient supply of this

famous hair-tonic to enable the recipient to make a seven days' trial of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

2. Full instructions as to the correct and most resultful method of carrying out "Harlene Hair-Drill," by which you can banish greyness, baldness, scurf, and grow a luxuriant crop of new hair in a few weeks' time.

3. A package of the "Cremex" Shampoo Powder for the scalp, which is absolutely safe to use, contains no harmful ingredients, is most delightful and refreshing to use, cleanses the scalp from all scurf and dandruff, stimulates the hair-roots, and tones up the hair generally.

You can obtain the above trial package, as already stated, by applying through the post and enclosing three penny stamps for postage.

The practice of "Harlene Hair Drill," by which every form of hair disorder or hair disease is quickly overcome, and new and better hair quickly grown, is by no means a difficult or tedious operation, for it only need occupy two minutes a day, or fourteen minutes a week. The hair will become thicker, glossier, stronger every day, and you will see and feel the improvement almost from the first or second application. You will feel a new and refreshing sense of vitality in the tissues of the scalp and the roots of your hair. Dull hair will become glossy, bright, and beautiful. Faded, grey hair will regain its natural colour. Thin hair will grow thick and luxuriant. Bald patches and places where the hair has become scanty will soon be covered with a growth of healthy hair at once soft, silky, and strong. Scurf and dandruff will quickly disappear. In short, hair-health will take the place of hair-sickness, hair-plenty the place of hair-penury.

You can quickly and easily prove this for yourself free of charge by accepting this generous offer now made by the discoverer of "Harlene Hair Drill."

MIRACLE-WORKING RECIPE.

Already Mr. Edwards has received hundreds upon hundreds of letters from ladies and gentlemen who have found in "Harlene Hair Drill" the long-sought-for remedy for their hair troubles, and one of these may here be quoted as an example.

"For some time," wrote one lady, "I had been tempted to try 'Harlene Hair Drill,' and I can only say I am glad of the day when your two-minute-a-day treatment was first tried by me. My hair was not only poor in quality and falling out in large quantities, but, to my horror, I also perceived that it was beginning to be sprinkled with grey (though I am only twenty-eight). To-day, however, it is plentiful and glossy and well coloured, while, instead of falling out, it grows stronger and longer every day. I hope every woman who has any hair troubles will try the 'Drill.' In my case it has wrought miracles."

Remember, then, as already stated at the outset of this announcement, that your hair, if it be weak, diseased, or falling out, will never cure itself, but requires daily "Harlene Hair-Drill" to make it grow lustrous, strong, and vigorous. It is, perhaps, the most sensitive to treatment of any part of the human structure, and if neglected it quickly succumbs to its many enemies, fades in colour, becomes scurfy, thin, and brittle, gives up the struggle and dies. All you have to do is to fill in the accompanying coupon, and send it, with three penny stamps, to Messrs. The Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-96 High Holborn, London, W.C., and the package will be posted to you absolutely free. Should further supplies of "Harlene" be required, they can be obtained from chemists and stores all over the world at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d., or will be sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of postal order. Cremex may be obtained in a similar manner, in boxes of six for 1s.

A TOILET OUTFIT GIVEN FREE TO READERS. OF CHARGE

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NAME

ADDRESS

"Pearson's Weekly," March 17, 1910.

The sale of Pearson's latest book is rising like a rocket. 'Tis named "The Raiders," and 'tis by the famous S. R. Crockett. Sixpence at all booksellers'.

RATHER PREVIOUS.

A WELL-KNOWN business man, who lives in the suburbs and usually goes home by the 8.30 train, met a friend the other day, and was persuaded to remain in town for the evening and attend a smoker.

He was at a loss for a moment how to arrange matters with his wife, but finally, going to the telegraph office, he wired:

"Missed the 8.30 train; do not keep dinner for me; will be home later."

It was a good deal later when he reached home, and his wife met him at the door.

"Did you get my message, dearest?" he quickly asked, hoping to forestall the trouble.

"Yes," she replied in chilly accents; "and I would like you to explain why you sent a wire at 5.23 telling me you had missed the 8.30 train?"

THE SILVER LINING.

THROUGH the wild ways of her good-for-nothing husband, a hard-working charwoman had to remove to a little two-roomed cottage, where there was scarcely space to snooze without shaking the ornaments from the mantelpiece.

"It's hard lines for you to be brought down like this, after what you've been accustomed to," said a sympathetic neighbour. "I don't doubt you feel very miserable, Mrs. Jones."

"No, I don't," the charwoman stoutly denied. "I'm happier here by a long way than I used to be in the old place. For one thing, when my husband comes home in a brute of a temper, he can't throw me down the cellar-steps, as he used to do, 'cos there ain't none now!"

STILL USEFUL.

"You don't play football, I suppose?" said the landlord of a row of cottages to a prospective tenant.

"No."

"And you don't referee, I hope?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I'm not taking any risks. Y'see the last feller that took this house refereed regularly at football matches. One day he gave a wrong decision, and he was thumped in the back and swallowed the whistle. After that he couldn't draw a long breath without shrieking like a goods engine, an' as he kept all the neighbours awake at night I had to give him notice."

"Poor chap. Rather bad for him, wasn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know. He's got a good crib on a lighthouse. Y'see, on foggy nights he's only got to put his head out of the window and breathe hard, an' he'd scare a fleet of warships off the rocks."

THE REAL MEANING.

CONSTABLE STOPPEN was found on the roadside in an insensible condition, and evidently delirious, for he muttered incessantly:

"I ate one, too."

"He's evidently been poisoned," said the doctor, as he listened to the rambling sentence which the P.C. uttered. "I'll try the stomach pump on him."

This instrument of torture brought the dazed constable to his senses, and he kicked the pump to the other end of the room, and cried:

"What do you mean by this?"

"I thought you were poisoned," explained the doctor. "You kept on saying, 'I ate one, too.'"

"Yer a lot o' silly idiots!" grunted Constable Stoppen wrathfully. "That's the number of the car wot knocked me over—I-812."

TOO CLEVER.

THE clever young man was wandering up and down the platform of the railway station, intent upon finding an empty carriage in the express which was almost due to start. But, alas! his search was in vain! An idea occurred to him, and, assuming an official air, he stalked up to the last carriage, and cried in a stentorian voice:

"All change here! This carriage isn't going!"

There were exclamations low but deep from the occupants of the crowded compartments, but nevertheless they scurried out of the carriage, and packed themselves away in other parts of the train.

The smile on the face of the young man was childlike and bland as he settled himself spacious in the corner of the empty carriage, and lit a cigar. "I wish," he said, "that they'd hurry up and start!"

Presently the stationmaster put his head in the window and said: "I s'pose you're the smart young feller what told the people this here carriage were not going?"

"Yes," said the clever one. And he smiled a dazzling, seven-carat smile.

"Well," said the stationmaster, who was somewhat of a smiler himself. "she ain't. The porter heard you telling them people, and he cut her off!"



Quips and Testlets



THE IDEA!

A RATHER raw servant girl was told to order the family vegetables at the greengrocer's. After booking what was asked for, the tradesman queried:

"Will your mistress want any horseradish to-day? Some just in, nice and fresh."

Tossing her head, Mary Jane said: "No, indeed; we want no such thing, I know. My master keeps a motor-car."

Mary: "Do you think it would be conceited for me to tell my friends that I made this dress myself?"

Edith: "Not conceited, my dear—superfluous."

Possible Boarder: "Ah, that was a ripping dinner, and if that was a fair sample of your meals, I should like to come to terms!"

Farmer: "Before we gang any further, was that a fair sample o' yer appetite?"

NO LUCK.



Peter to John (both eagerly watching the workmen putting in the pane of plate-glass): "Come on, Johnny, let's go 'ome; those chaps ain't going to drop it."

Mary: "Did she make a good match?"

Ann: "Splendid! Lots of money, good social position, and all that! In fact, the only drawback is the husband."

Mrs. Gibson: "I'm so tired. I was at Mrs. Heighton's party last night."

Mrs. Gray: "I didn't go; in fact, I did not get an invitation. Were there many there?"

"Oh, no! it was very select."

Sparks: "I wonder why it is a woman lets out every thing you tell her?"

Parks: "My dear boy, a woman has only two views of a secret—either it is not worth keeping, or it is too good to keep."

DOCTOR'S ORDERS.

A PHYSICIAN, who had had scarcely any sleep for a week, was called to a patient who was suffering from pneumonia. Sitting down in a chair beside the sick man, he bent his ear to his chest to hear the respiration, calling upon the invalid to count.

The doctor was so fatigued that when the patient had counted up to ten he went to sleep with his ear on the sick man's chest.

Awakening, he heard the invalid still counting: "Ten thousand and seventy-six, ten thousand and seventy-seven!"

couple of substitutes—a centre-forward and a goal-keeper—had been requisitioned to fill the vacancies.

When half-time was called the goal-keeper had allowed the opposing team to score five goals with shots that might have been cleared by the most diminutive school-boy, while the centre-forward had spent his time wandering about the field as though looking for his position.

Just before the resumption the centre-forward walked up to the captain and inquired anxiously what position he was supposed to occupy during the second half.

The skipper scratched his head.

"Blowed if I know," he replied bluntly, "unless you go long-stop to your friend in goal."

THE COMPLETE OUTFIT.

"You know, Johnson," said the gentleman who was interviewing an applicant for a coachman's position, "I engage you I shall expect you to do things by combination. For instance, if I tell you to bring the carriage round at a given time I shall expect the horses with it, and driving gloves."

"Yes, sir," said the raw countryman.

He was duly engaged, and gave satisfaction. One day his master came to him in a hurry, telling him to look sharp and go for the doctor, as his mistress was ill. Johnson was gone for a long time, and on his master grumbling at him for his delay, he said:

"Well, they're all here, sir."

"All here! What do you mean?"

"Well, sir, I've got the doctor, the parson, and the undertaker!"

GRATITUDE.

THE tramcar was crowded, and the tired-looking woman with a suggestive little bundle under her cape was vainly trying to keep her balance while standing. A stout man, who was also among those who stood, looked at her compassionately. There was a rustle under the cape.

"Keep still, dear, keep still," she said sadly; and the stout man could stand it no longer.

"Why don't one of you young chaps give up a seat to this lady with a baby?" he growled.

Thus goaded, two or three sheepish young men offered their seats, and the tired woman sank gratefully into one of them.

And then it was that a rough-haired terrier poked his nose from under the cape and barked at the stout man.

HIS WAY OF DOING IT.

A SOLDIER belonging to one of our infantry regiments was one day recently detailed by the regimental Sergeant-Major for duty as Colonel's orderly. Accordingly the next morning at nine o'clock the man walked upstairs to the Colonel's room, where his chief was just about to have his breakfast.

Finding the door a little way open, the man entered without knocking, exclaiming at the same time to the Colonel, "I am your orderly to-day, sir."

The Colonel, taken by surprise, lectured the man severely for coming to his quarters in such a rude manner, and said he would explain to the soldier his duties as orderly.

He then told the man to take his (the Colonel's) seat for a few minutes, and walked

out of the room, closing the door after him. Presently he returned and knocked at the door.

"Who goes there?" shouted the soldier.

"Your orderly, sir," replied the Colonel.

"Then stop there until I have finished my breakfast," replied the man. "I can't attend to you now."

MAKING SURE.

A MAN had been in the habit of getting his tea at a certain restaurant for many years, without any cause for complaint. Lately, a waitress, new to the position, was employed at the place, and from lack of experience she invariably brought the liquid refreshment with the larger part of it in the saucer.

This the gentleman could stand no longer.

"Look here, Susan," said he one evening, "if you bring my tea to-morrow without spilling a drop in the saucer I'll give you sixpence for yourself."

"All right, sir," replied Susan, "I will do that, sir."

The following evening the gentleman appeared, and gave his order as usual. Imagine his surprise, when a moment or two later, the girl was observed wending her way towards him carrying a plate of bread in one hand, and a cup of tea in the other.

"And what has become of the saucer, Susan?" inquired the man.

"Well, sir," replied the girl, "to make sure of the sixpence you promised me, I thought it best to leave the saucer on the counter."

WEEK ENDING
MARCH 17, 1910.

WEEK ENDING
MARCH 17, 1910.

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For NUBOLIC
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Nubolic Soap will
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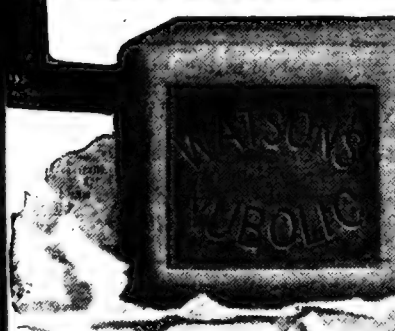
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NUBOLIC Soap every
time they wash.

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being a most valuable cleanser,
is also a powerful disinfectant.

Nubolic Soap will prevent a score of
those irritating little disorders which we
all know are incidental to children and
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is the safest, simplest, and best home remedy for all pains and colds in the chest, throat, and lungs;
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'VASELINE' HAIR TONIC

The World's Best Preparation for the Hair.

Everybody should realise the importance of giving the hair daily care. Ordinary washing and
brushing is not effective in preventing germs attacking the hair—those germs which destroy the roots
and prevent growth. Keep your hair clean and the roots healthy by using every day a little
'VASELINE' Hair Tonic. No need for vigorous rubbing or to use large quantities. Use it as an
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DAINTY
DISHES.

Scalloped Cod's Roe.

Ingredients: A cod's roe, browned breadcrumbs, melted butter sauce and cream. Wash the roe, roll it in muslin, and boil it for ten minutes in water with salt and vinegar. Let cool a little, cut it into dice, put in melted butter sauce, add a little cream, and place in a buttered scallop tin, cover with breadcrumbs, and brown in the oven.

Tongue au Gratin

Is a tasty way of using up the remains of a tongue. Butter a fireproof dish, scatter crumbs over, and then grate cheese. Now lay in some thin slices of tongue, season with pepper and salt, and pour a little good gravy over. Continue thus till the dish is full, and put grated cheese and bits of butter on the top. Bake in a quick oven till lightly browned. Wrap a d'oyley round the dish, and serve.

Russian Mince.

Cut up a pound of cold meat into dice, chop up also any remains of vegetables, cooked ham, or suet pudding you may have. Fry all lightly in a little dripping. Season to taste with minced onion, pepper, salt, and parsley. Add a tablespoonful of vinegar. Make thoroughly hot, and serve on a square of buttered toast, with chopped capers over, and, if liked, boiled macaroni round.

Chocolate Jelly.

Required: Three-quarters of an ounce of gelatine, one quart of milk, four large tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, one ounce of sugar, vanilla flavouring, cream. Dissolve the gelatine in the milk, and then add the chocolate and sugar. Boil for ten minutes, stirring all the time. When nearly cold, beat thoroughly with an egg whisk, flavour with vanilla, and pour into a mould. Turn out to serve, and put lumps of whipped cream round.

Beetroot Pickle.

First prepare, by steeping in a quart of vinegar, one ounce each of allspice and black pepper, half an ounce each of pounded ginger and sliced horseradish, salt, and two capsaucums. Either boil or bake the beet-roots until they are nearly done, and according to the size of the roots. You will find the time required one and a half to two hours. Drain them, and when cool, peel and cut into slices an inch thick, then place all in the pan with sufficient vinegar to cover. (Reply to M. R. H.)

Macaroni and Lentil Cutlets.

Boil six ounces of macaroni in salted water till tender, then drain and cut into half-inch lengths. Put a quarter of a pound of lentils into half a pint of cold water with a sliced Spanish onion, and boil till soft, mash them, add half an ounce of butter, some chopped parsley and herbs, pepper and salt. Stir in a beaten egg, and cook gently without boiling till firm. Stir the macaroni into this mixture, form into cutlets, dredge with flour, dip into egg, and then in breadcrumbs, and fry in deep fat. Serve hot on a mound of spinach.

VICTIMS OF OBESITY.

Cure yourself at Home in Comfort.

As a bodily affliction obesity often seems to be inexplicable, so rapid is the increase of weight and bulk, even in cases where the victims are studiously temperate in eating, etc. There is evidently a predisposition that way, and neglect only tends to confirm it. The remedies tried may have grievously disappointed you. Here is one that will not do so, and you may get the ingredients at your chemist's and mix them yourself without trouble. Ask for one half-ounce of Marmola, one ounce of fluid extract of Glycyrrhiza B.P., one ounce of pure Glycerine B.P., and Peppermint Water to make six ounces in all. Shake together in a good-sized clean bottle. Simply take this mixture after each meal, two teaspoonfuls to the dose, and give yourself no further trouble; the superfluous fat will subside with wonderful rapidity. Dieting need not worry you in the least, nor is violent exercising at all desirable. Wasting methods of weight reduction are not natural. Try the pleasant treatment above prescribed for a week or so, and you will be fit, strong, and free from all bodily discomfort, besides having regained correct weight and a shapely figure.

Are Men
more Romantic
than Women?

BY LEWIS WALLER.

(Mr. Lewis Waller, who this week contributes to our series, is the ideal hero of all the ladies, and may well be called the "matinée idol" of England.)



DON'T quite know, I'm sure, why you have propounded this deep question to me, and can only guess that it is because, as I generally play the part of a hero helping beauty in distress, and so on, you imagine (quite vainly, let me tell you) that I shall be able to settle the matter once and for all, which I am afraid will not be the case.

My verdict, however, would be decidedly in favour of women, speaking generally, being more romantic than men. Women are invariably idealists and hold higher ideals on the subjects of love and marriage than men; then, again, they have much more time for indulging in pretty romantic little dreams than mere man, who has wider interests and more work to claim a great part of his time and attention.

Men, I would say, take a far more practical view of all matters connected with love and marriage. I am not suggesting by this that men marry less for love than women, but that their love occupies a smaller share of their lives.

Where Girls Score.

In proof of this, just notice the difference between the conduct of a newly-engaged couple. With the girl everything takes second-place to the man, his tastes and his wishes, while the man scarcely ever forgoes his club, his billiards, cricket, or whatever games he may most favour for the sake of having more of his girl's society.

Then, again, notice the unselfishness of a woman towards the man for whom she really cares. In all classes of life this is apparent, but nowhere is it more noticeable than amongst the poor. There, a woman will often go without the smallest comforts to provide more for her "lord and master," and will submit to even the cruellest ill-usage at his hands.

Cases of this kind are constantly coming to light in the police courts and elsewhere. And this is due to her romantic views and her sense of fidelity.

Romance, like most other things, is largely a matter of temperament, of course; but while women have romantic views cultivated and encouraged from their earliest

years, in boys such ideas are often sternly suppressed.

The schoolgirl has her ideas on romantic love and ideal marriages encouraged by the books she reads (generally on the strict Q. T.) during her schooldays, while the boys' literature is largely composed of tales of adventure in which the love element is hardly introduced.

Another argument in favour of woman's romantic views on most subjects is her faith in the reformation of man. Have you ever met a woman who did not believe that a man could be reformed by a woman's influence?

Money-seeking Women are Not the Rule.

It is not for me to say if this is so, as I am not anxious to give my sex away, but it is a firm conviction with almost every woman, and in this she judges man by her own standard.

A woman will do almost anything for a man once she really cares for him, and she imagines it will be the same in his case. The result is sometimes a success, often a failure, and on which side is the balance every one will be able to judge from his or her own experience.

No doubt there are women in the world who are self-seeking and mercenary, who marry solely for money or position or "a home," as some people put it, but they are in the minority, and doubtless an equal number, if not a much larger one, could be found of men doing pretty much the same, and for sincerity and fidelity in all love affairs women have always been conspicuous from time immemorial.

Now and again one hears the remark that romance is dying out, and that women as well as men are taking a more practical view on all these matters, but I do not think there is very much in it. Women are now less likely to be tempted to make unromantic marriages than they were in days gone by, for marriage is no longer the only chance open to women.

Every profession, or almost every one, will admit her to its ranks, and she has, therefore, more opportunity of indulging in her romantic little love-dreams than when, if she did not choose a husband in her early twenties, she ran the risk of being "dubbed" an old maid.

The whole thing can be summed up in the words of the poet: "Man's love is of his life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence, the life-breath of her heart."

BEAUTY HINTS.

LIGHT exercise after the morning bath is an excellent tonic and body beautifier.

NEVER stay in a warm bath more than twenty minutes, and bathe the neck and face first, to prevent an unpleasant rush of blood to the head.

RED eye-lids are a most unsightly blemish, but they can be easily cured by bathing them in water as hot as can be borne, night and morning.

A RED nose cannot be cured by powder, but it may be seriously harmed. It is one of Nature's danger signals, and indicates that the possessor is suffering from indigestion.

THE condition of the finger nails is really important. Five minutes a day is all it will take to do your own manicuring, and there is no excuse for unsightly and ill-cared-for hands.

MANY accidents have occurred from getting out of a bath on to a slippery floor. One misstep may easily result in a broken rib, and a great safeguard against this danger is to have cork or india-rubber matting laid along side of the bath.

WHEN washing the hair, borax or soda should not be used too frequently, since they tend to dry the scalp and produce irritation.

THERE are various reasons why the hair should not be singed, and if you find your hairs splitting at the ends the best thing is to have them cut.

AN easy method of taking castor-oil is to hold a little ice in the mouth. The tongue is chilled, thus preventing the disagreeable after-taste of the dose.

THERE are two very simple means of stopping hiccup: close the nostrils by grasping the nose with the forefinger and thumb, and then drink a little water. The other way is to inhale as much air as possible, holding the breath as long as you can.

If women realised what a mark of bad breeding it is to use a strong scent they would quickly banish all from their dressing tables. Little bags of powdered orris give a fresh clean smell to clothing, but the best plan of all for the girl who wishes to have a dainty, light perfume about her, is to add a little eau-de-Cologne to the daily bath.

HINTS FOR
THE HOME.

Soak Salt Fish

In sour milk, for it quickly extracts the brine.

For Washing Soiled and Greasy Clothes Soft soap is better and will go further than yellow soap.

Black-Lead

Mixed with turpentine polishes, as once and lasts bright.

Cast Iron Work

Is best preserved by rubbing constantly with the black-lead brush.

Oil Cloth

Which looks dull, will be greatly improved by a thin coating of varnish.

Meat

Should be hung in a cool, airy place, but not in a strong draught, as that makes it too dry.

Lamp Glasses.

That have been badly stained with smoke, may be cleaned by rubbing with common salt.

Locks and Hinges

Should be well oiled once in three months. This will keep them working well and quietly.

When Window Cleaning.

Take a wooden meat skewer to get the dust out of the corners, then wipe dry with a soft rag.

Children

Under one year should not go out in a cold east wind. They have not sufficient vitality to stand it.

When Boiling Rice

Add a good squeeze of lemon-juice to the water, to make the grains whiter, and keep them separate.

Milk Glasses

Should always be rinsed in cold water previous to washing in hot soap-suds if you wish them to be clean and bright.

To Roast Meat Well

It is necessary to have the joint frequently basted with melted fat, or the coagulated surface will allow the juices to escape, and a tasteless joint will be the result.

To Darken Brown Boots

I advise your washing them frequently with saddle soap and water. This will keep the leather clean and at the same time darken it. (Reply to FASTIDIOUS.)

To Clean a Grey Felt Hat.

Make a thick paste of magnesia and cold water, and spread it over the hat. When dry, brush off, and the hat will look as new. (Reply to BLACK COUNTRY.)

When Creaming Butter

For cakes, if the butter be too hard to work freely, warm the bowl, also if necessary the sugar, but never oil the butter, as this will change the texture and flavour of the cake.

The Soil of House Plants

Is apt to harden very quickly on the top, with the result that no air can get to the roots. Loosen the soil round the roots every week or two and you will quickly notice an improvement in the plants.

HOW TO DESTROY THE DANDRUFF GERM. By a Specialist.

That the dandruff germ is responsible for nearly all the diseases to which the scalp is heir, as well as for baldness and premature grey hair, is a well-known fact, but when we realise that it is also indirectly responsible for many of the worst cases of catarrh and consumption, we appreciate the importance of any agent that will destroy its power. We are therefore particularly pleased to give herewith the prescription which an eminent scientist and specialist states he has found after repeated tests, to completely destroy the dandruff germ in from one to three applications. This prescription can be made up at home, or any chemist will put it up for you: 3 ounces Bay Rum, 1 ounce Lavona de Composé, 1 dram Menthol Crystals. Mix thoroughly, and after standing half-an-hour it is ready for use. Apply night and morning, rubbing into the scalp with finger-tips. If you wish it perfumed, add half a teaspoonful of French Fon Fleur perfume, which unites perfectly with the other ingredients. This preparation is not a dye, but is unequalled for promoting a growth of new hair, and for restoring grey hair to its original colour.

CAUTION.—Do not apply where hair is not desired, and be sure to avoid tonics containing poisonous ingredients.

WHY WEAR A TRUSS?

Learn How You
May Do Without It
FREE.

Why suffer from Rupture of any description when you can learn all about a cure simply for the cost of a letter or post-card—a cure which quickly, painlessly and permanently restores ruptured sufferers to perfect health and renders the use of the Truss unnecessary.

For many years I was practically helpless through a double rupture. Trusses were useless, and Doctors said that an operation would do me no good whatever. Almost in despair, and as a last resource I decided to make Rupture, its cause and cure, my special study, with the result that after much research I discovered a system which completely cured me. I was so overjoyed at my discovery that as soon as possible I told every ruptured person I knew about it, and to my great delight, they were able to cure themselves also. Probably you have read about this discovery in the newspapers. Thousands have since been cured by it, and, therefore, if you are ruptured, or know anybody who is ruptured, write to me at once, and I will have sent on to you the information you need and a Test entirely free of charge. I am anxious that every Ruptured sufferer throughout the length and breadth of the land should cure themselves with my system, as I did. Simply fill in and send coupon below, and all will be sent you entirely at my expense.



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Capt. W. A. Collings and Sons (Box 50K),
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SIGN THIS COUPON

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"Pearson's Weekly," Mar. 17, 1910.

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TEETHING without convulsions or fretting

the result of giving SCOTT'S Emulsion which helps
to form good teeth. But it must be **SCOTT'S**

This statement is based on hundreds of letters received every year—such as this letter:

2 Waterloo Place, Wellington Street, Cheltenham. October 28th, 1908.
Mrs.—My little son made good progress until I weaned him, he was then seven months and had two teeth, but then his flesh became very soft and after taking his food was convulsed and would scream by the hour. I tried all kinds of patent foods, milk, etc., but nothing suited him. At 18 months he had only the two teeth and no sign of more, and made no attempt to pull himself up. I thought I would try him with SCOTT'S Emulsion. He took it very readily, and after a few doses he began to improve, and from that time he had no more convulsions. Before he had finished a medium-sized bottle, he cut all his teeth—I never saw such a turn, it was like magic, they seemed to come through all at once. He soon began to walk, his legs were weak and crooked, but by the continued use of SCOTT'S Emulsion they soon began to get strong and straight. He is now tall and strong and can eat anything; two years and nine months old.
(Signed) ALICE BROWN.

Send for free sample bottle—enclose 3d. for postage and mention this paper. A charming booklet for your child comes with it. SCOTT & BOWNE, Ltd., 10-11 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.



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THE FAMOUS



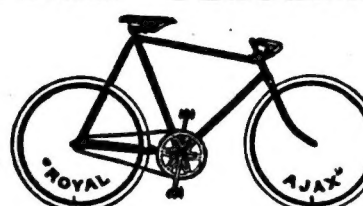
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The "MAB" SAFETY RAZOR, with extra blade. Price, 3/6.
The "Mab" blades used in this razor are absolutely perfect—no "MAB" Co., Newhall St., Birmingham.

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Bread

Try it toasted—it is delicious so.



ONE of the greatest difficulties an editor has is to get new articles on perennial subjects. Take the case of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, which will soon be so largely in the public mind. This race has been rowed year by year for many years, and as soon as it draws near I suppose every editorial office is flooded with articles on the subject. But when the editor of an up-to-date paper comes to look at them he generally finds that these articles take a phase of the subject that has already been done over and over again, and are therefore quite useless to him. It then becomes his duty to think out some new way of dealing with the old subject. You will perhaps better appreciate what I mean when you see the illustrated article I have procured on the subject of the Boat Race for use in my next week's number.

Much the same argument applies to the subject of the Grand National Steeplechase, the stiffest steeplechase in the world, which takes place next week. And I think that our article on page 767 will give those of you who have never seen the famous course at Aintree a most excellent idea of the tremendous task the horses have to perform.

I CONSIDER it rather a "scoop," to use a newspaper expression, to have secured an article from the pen of Mr. Lewis Waller for my lady readers. As you will see by turning to page 782, Mr. Waller is of opinion that women must always be more romantic than men, and he gives very excellent and sufficient reasons for his opinion. Next week you will be able to read what Miss Nancy Price, the famous actress, has to say on the subject of "The Man All Women Like."

That's for the ladies. And as a matter of interest to members of the sterner, and, to quote Mr. Waller, less romantic sex, I may say that they will find in next week's issue an illustrated article of more than usual interest on the subject of Rugby tackles. In view of the coming great match between England and Scotland, this article will be of particular interest to both those who follow the game and to those who do not. Our pictures show the many ingenious ways of tackling a player and bringing him to earth.

In another fortnight the Easter holidays will be upon us, and I have no doubt many of you are planning how you will spend your holiday to the very best advantage. The worst of a holiday, however, is that it always means money, and nothing, therefore, tends to add to the pleasure of your outings more than a nice fat cheque which will cover the expenses you will incur.

Those of you who wish to enjoy a first-rate Easter holiday, and I am sure that that means everyone of you, could not do better than take part in the Picture Couplets contest announced on page 769. This week we are awarding £15 to each of the ten winners, and if every one of you takes part in the new contest the prize-money will obviously be very much larger.

The contest is a very simple one. You are asked merely to add a line to the one given along with the picture, which tells how the celebrated Mr. Brown once started to paper the parlour. I am sure your imagination will readily suggest innumerable ideas for first-class second lines, so start to compose them now, and send them in to us at once. Remember, a winning line in Couplets means a first-class holiday for you.

"WHAT is a land bank?" asks PERPLEXED. "The papers are full of references to them; but, as I cannot find any one who knows anything about them, I thought I would write to you to see if you can tell me."

Quite right, PERPLEXED, and I am glad to say I can throw some light on the subject. Land banks are institutions established in foreign agricultural countries, and it is proposed to introduce them into our own country with a view to developing our own rural districts. As a matter of fact, they are really loan institutions. Supposing you thought you would like to make a living at gardening or farming, but had not sufficient money with which to secure suitable ground or stock, then the land bank would come to your assistance, and would help you to make a start by lending you, say, three-fourths or even nine-tenths of the entire purchase-money for the land you wish to buy. On this loan you would pay, say, 3 per cent. interest, and from 1 to 1½ per cent. towards the sinking fund of the loan, which would mean that in forty-five years the loan would be repaid and the land would have become your property outright. However, you could not do better than purchase a copy of THE SMALLHOLDER, the new weekly paper, whose first number appears this week, in which you will find an article telling all about land and village banks and trading societies.

PEDAGOGUE has a hankering after one of our penknives. This is what he says: "Recently a reader secured you one subscriber by accident and you 'knifed' him. For propaganda work on behalf of P.W. I think the following will beat it: For several years Pearson's Weekly has been fought for weekly by my scholars. Lately I have had a long 'stand-up' reading-desk—as seen in reading-rooms—fixed up in my schoolroom. I always keep several P.W.'s on it. As a new one arrives, the oldest is presented to a scholar for some extra effort in school work; and tries they are on these occasions every week. In this way I have distributed nearly 300 P.W.'s to about 230 different homes."

A splendid effort, PEDAGOGUE, and I think it is a little affair that can only be settled with cold steel. Our Cantankerous Crank, who happens to be looking over my shoulder as I write, has just murmured something about your charity having prevented 250 different homes from buying their own P.W.'s, but don't take any notice of him—his judgment is apt to be a little warped at times.

"I HAVE been having an argument with a chum of mine about the late South African war," writes W. B. "I say we lost more men through sickness, brought about by bad conditions, than we actually lost in the firing line. I should be glad if you could let me know whether I am right."

You are quite correct in your statement, W. B. There were 5,744 men killed in action, while the death-roll in hospitals amounted to the terrible total of 16,163. Of these a good many had been previously wounded, but under healthier conditions the great proportion would probably have recovered. There never yet was a war fought in which sickness did not kill more men than the bullets of the enemy. One of the worst examples was the Crimea. In this campaign our troops went through dreadful hardships, owing partly to the cold, but more to the scandalous mismanagement of the Government at home. Of our total loss in the war, 20,656, only twelve per cent. perished in battle. But for the heroic and able assistance of Miss Florence Nightingale the death list in hospital would have been considerably heavier. The Duke of Wellington's campaigns from 1811 to 1814 show a loss from sickness of thirty-eight per cent. to ten per cent. killed in fighting.

R. E. S. doesn't believe in the proverbial black cat as a luck bringer. He writes: "In a recent issue you deal with the subject, 'Are Opals Unlucky?' and incidentally refer to the belief that a black cat coming into a house brings luck. An incident occurred recently where the visit of a black cat had quite an opposite effect to the one usually ascribed, not only to the inmates of the house, but to the cat itself. For the past fifteen years, and up to the time in question, I possessed a canary, but a foolish visitor in the shape of a black cat surreptitiously concealed itself in the house one night, and when I arose in the morning all that was left of the poor canary were a few feathers. Result, I lost an old friend, and the cat ran a great risk of doing irreparable damage to its digestive organs in trying to assimilate such ancient meat. However, all might have been well if the cat had not evinced a partiality for intercepting the progress of a small piece of lead rather spitefully ejected by a revolver, with which I am considered an expert, and as the result I want to know if deceased pussy is likely to prove good manure if interred at the foot of rose bushes."

Yours is an unfortunate affair altogether, R. E. S., but I don't quite see what good purpose was served by your revenge on the slayer of the canary. Having lost one pet you might have acquired another, and at the same time you could have had the satisfaction of placing wreaths round pussy's neck on every anniversary of the death of the canary. That is as near as you could get to putting flowers on its grave.

F. L. M., of Niagara Falls Centre, sends me rather a good newspaper story: "The editor of a daily paper, an enterprising Englishman, had commented very strongly on some of the transactions of the City Council. This was resented by the council, and one alderman in his speech termed him a 'Stupid, ignorant Cockney.' This was a declaration of war, and with each issue of the paper came fresh disclosures of dishonesty and graft, signed S. I. C. The aldermen realised that if they wished to be re-elected in January they must get rid of the S. I. C. So they began to quietly form a company with the intention of buying the paper over the S. I. C.'s head, for he was only leasing it. But news of the plot reached the S. I. C., and he immediately began to negotiate himself for the entire purchase, and by the time the company were ready to buy had made himself secure, much to their chagrin. Now the fight waged hotter than ever. By his initiative a Citizens' League was formed, and his appeal for members was strongly supported, many influential citizens joining the League. This League selected the men they would support at the forthcoming elections. The elections are over, and the S. I. C. has the pleasure of seeing only one of the 1909 aldermen in the council of 1910. But the name S. I. C. will probably follow the Editor to his grave."

I really don't think the aldermen of that city were half smart, F. L. M. As graft and bribery were so common, surely they could have bribed all the newsgents not to

sell any of the Editor's papers, or they might even have bribed the compositors to go on strike, or the head printer to "accidentally" put the printing machines out of order. Not that, of course, one would advocate such dastardly methods, but this fight seems to have been so very one-sided in comparison with most of the newspaper stories that come from "the other side." There is the famous story of the two rival papers, the THUNDERER and the SCREAMER. The latter was always stealing news from the former by getting hold of an advance copy, and after fruitless efforts to find out how the advance copy got into the SCREAMER's office, the THUNDERER determined to have its revenge. It therefore printed a special number, containing only bogus news, and as a great "scoop" got tidings of a terrible disaster that, of course, had never happened. A few copies of this issue were printed; then at the last minute the real paper that was to appear was rushed through. Needless to say, the SCREAMER came out with all the bogus news, while the THUNDERER appeared with a long account of the way they had got revenge on their rival. It is hardly necessary to add that by the time the town had finished laughing, the SCREAMER had learnt its lesson and there was never any more pilfering of news.

In the recent high winds F. G. B. had a tree blown down in his garden, and not unnaturally is a little annoyed about it. "What causes the wind, and where does it come from?" he asks.

The wind, F. G. B., is caused by alterations of temperature. Hot air is lighter than cold, and when you light a fire in your fireplace you bring to life a little wind, because hot air rushes up the chimney, whilst cold air descends to take its place. Big winds and sea-breezes are born in the same manner. When the sun rises the land becomes hotter quicker than the sea and cold air moves landwards to fill the place of the hot air which has risen from the land. At sunset the current reverses. Whirlwinds are caused by two violent winds meeting.

"MONTONIAN" writes: "I have been told recently that if one is short of a halfpenny stamp it is not against post-office rules to cut a penny one in two and use the half. I have never heard of it before, and would like to know if it is true, for, if so, it is a convenience that very few people are aware of. The lady who informed me was herself told by another who had done it many a time, and never had any cards go astray."

My sympathy goes out, "MONTONIAN," to the friends of your lady acquaintance, for they would assuredly have to pay a penny on each of the post-cards she posted in that condition. It is distinctly stated that payment of postage stamps cannot be made by means of imperfect or defaced penny stamps. If such a proceeding were allowed, "MONTONIAN," we could almost always use a penny stamp twice, for very seldom does the post-man deface more than half of the stamp, leaving the other half clean for the next post-card we wanted to send away.

"THERE is a common belief in some districts," says RUSTICUS, "that a horse's eyes are so constructed that a man seems to the animal to be much larger than he really is. It is maintained that otherwise he would have no control over the horse. Can you tell me if this is true?"

I can't, RUSTICUS; neither can anyone else. The balance of probability, however, is all against such a theory, as there is nothing in the construction of a horse's eye to justify it. Even if a horse's eye did magnify, it certainly would not make him specially afraid of a man, as everything else, including himself and all other horses, would appear large in proportion. A soldier once told me a rather interesting fact about our equine friends, and that was that horses with broad foreheads learned their drill much quicker than those with narrow ones. He also declared that grey and roan horses lived considerably longer than others. I believe the record age for a grey, authentically recorded, is sixty-two. The oldest I have ever seen was over forty. He belonged to a cab proprietor at Oxford, a good many years ago, and his owner used to show him to visitors with the utmost pride. Buffon, the famous naturalist, speaks of an animal of his kind, which was born in 1724 and lived till 1774.

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PICTURE COUPLETS.

Continued from Page 769.

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train in which the deceased was travelling as a
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the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is,
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a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in
his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the
paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in
ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death
occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice be
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Monday March 28.	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27	M 4 11 18 25	" 12 ... 6.50
Tuesday May 16.	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 26	" 13 ... 6.58
Holiday August 1.	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27	W 4 11 18 25	W 8 15 22 29	W 6 13 20 27	" 14 ... 7.0
Christmas Day December 25.	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 26	T 9 16 23 30	T 7 14 21 28	" 15 ... 7.1
Boxing Day December 26.	F 4 11 18 25	F 8 15 22 29	F 6 13 20 27	F 10 17 24	F 8 15 22 29	" 16 ... 7.3
	S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	S 2 9 16 23 30	" 17 ... 7.5



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WITH VEGETABLE ADDITIONS.

In Fluid Ju-Vis—the new preparation for making Beef-Tea, Gravies, &c.—you get about double the nutriment for the same money as compared with the usual Beef Extracts.

Fluid Ju-Vis imparts warmth, increases vitality, and diminishes fatigue. For cold mornings a breakfast-cupful, costing one penny, will materially help in the avoidance of chills. Endorsed by eminent doctors and analytical chemists.

Fluid Ju-Vis contains ALL the nourishment of Fluid Extract prepared solely from Beef.

Fluid Ju-Vis is made from Beef with valuable Vegetable properties added, which accounts for its far superior flavour to the usual Beef Extracts. How far superior you can prove for yourself by sending at once to your grocer for a 6½d. bottle.

JU-VIS



The New Dessert

—that all the talk is about is Foster Clark's Cream Custard. The taste is such as will appeal to all, young or old. You cannot get of it, and as there are several different flavourings, constant variety may be obtained.

Next time you call at the Grocer's just remember to ask for a supply of Foster Clark's Cream Custard. It will delight you. Your Grocer knows all about it. He will gladly say

Foster Clark's Cream Custard

is the most delicious dessert obtainable. One 6½d. tin makes 12 quarts of delicious custard.

Foster Clark's Cream Custard is perfectly wholesome, nourishing, and delightful to the taste.

It takes but a moment to make, and by itself or with stewed or tinned fruits is truly excellent.

We shall be pleased to send to any address on application One Quart Supply of Cream Custard free of charge. All applications for same should be addressed to Foster Clark & Co., Dept. P.W., Maidstone, Kent.

THERE'S NOTHING SO DELICIOUS.

